AUG. 12,
1939

Liberty

5¢

IS FATHER
COUGHLIN
NTI-SEMITIC?
HIS OWN
ANSWER

WHY TENNIS
IS A
DUB'S GAME
by Helen
Hull Jacobs

Death
OOKS·FOR
NDERELLA
NEW NOVEL
by
argaret E.
angster

VACATION TIP:

There are 3 ways to go to the "Fair"—*or anywhere*—by car

CALIFORNIA WORLD'S FAIR 39
6M 9249
NEW YORK WORLDS FAIR 1939
5-Y69-14

"TUNE-UP TIME" goes back on the air Monday night, August 21, over Columbia Broadcasting System, 7 P.M., E.S.T.

WHETHER you drive East or West, take the long route or the short, cover hundreds of miles a day or take it easy, *you have a choice of three grades of car performance on the way*. Here's why:

Under the hood of your car is a device that is almost as important as your gearshift or throttle. It's the spark adjustment that controls *engine* performance.

When your motor service man tunes-up your motor . . . a smart thing to have done before a long trip . . . the closer he can advance the spark to the point of maximum power, the more power and mileage you will get.

But he cannot advance the spark any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline in your tank permits. If he does, a "knock" or "ping" will develop that will *lose* power and economy.

That's why the better the gasoline you use, the better your engine's performance—as shown at the left.

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES

BEST PERFORMANCE—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power without "knock" or "ping."

CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

GOOD PERFORMANCE—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines sold today contain tetraethyl lead to improve their anti-knock quality, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.

CONTAINS LEAD

POOR PERFORMANCE—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in your modern high-compression car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

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ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

AUGUST 12, 1939

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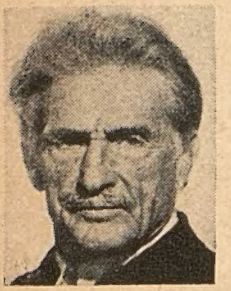
BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

PUT THE GOVERNMENTAL TRAIN BACK ON THE TRACK



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Previous to the present administration, our government was an outstanding example of stability and dependability . . . with nearly half the wealth of the world in our possession. Here we had security. The people throughout the world looked upon us as a money-mad nation, but immigrants flocked to our shores at the rate of one million a year, until their entrance was greatly restricted.

One of our friends, while calling attention to all the advantages we had in years gone by, asked the question: "Why not put the train back on the track . . . why not go back to the governmental principles that made us a great nation, with the wealth of the world at our command?" And I endorse that recommendation one hundred per cent.

Although foreigners may have derided our money-making proclivities, they nevertheless envied us our possessions. And why should we begin to copy their governmental methods? Why should we want the Nazism of Germany or the Fascism of Italy, which is so clearly apparent in the socialistic activities in Washington at the present time?

Why not go back to constitutional government which demanded the enforcement of law without fear or favor? Of course there was favoritism in the past when officials were dishonest or unduly influenced, but the evils of the past are as nothing compared to what we are facing today.

The stability of our government is now being questioned. It has been stated that if the price of our government bonds were reduced 10 per cent, every bank in the country would be bankrupt.

Hard work and square dealing were highly commended in the past. Success was attained only through adherence to principles that harmonized with these ideals.

But today the sympathy for what we often refer to as the underdog, the forgotten man, has reached out and tainted our citizens to such an extent that many of them have acquired the opinion that the world owes them a living.

Hard work is no longer commended. We find an inclination to demand the highest possible prices and give as little as possible in return.

The people of this country at one time were inclined to refuse compensation when they did not give a fitting return. Now the situation is exactly the reverse: Take as much as you can get and give as little as possible in return.

I endorse the suggestion that we put the train back on the track . . . in other words, learn from experience and example. We had a stable government, respected by the world and by every citizen, previous to the socialistic activities of the present administration.

Now we are on our way but we don't know where we are going. Every intelligent citizen is fearful for the future. Investors are hoarding their money. Business men are waiting, holding up promotion plans, hoping something will be done in the future to stop wasteful spending, to hold the expense of the government within its income.

What can we do without stability and security? It is the duty of a father to look out for his dependents . . . wife and children; and if he is paying for his home through rigid economy, and if at the same time the government is spending beyond its income, the mortgage that he may be reducing year by year may be increasing faster than he is reducing it, through the indebtedness incurred by wasteful governmental expenditures.

When the government goes into debt, taxable properties of all kinds, regardless of their nature, must pay the bill or else face the danger of ba ruptcy, which often brings chaos and revolut

Bernarr Macfadden

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He got "C" in Spelling but "A" in Gum Massage —Maybe His Teeth are more important!

Take a tip from a youngster: Massage with Ipana helps to make healthier gums, sounder teeth, to guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

MAYBE young Bill could have done better in spelling—and next term he probably will.

But *right now* he deserves a lot of credit for leading his class in gum massage. All his life he'll be grateful for this early lesson: that it's just as important to care for the gums as it is to brush the teeth. Most of these lucky children know more than their fathers and mothers, when it comes to things like this.

Gum trouble, they've learned, is prone to come from today's soft, creamy foods. Lack of hard, natural chewing exercise tends to make gums grow tender. Once your gums get that way—watch out for the warning flash of "pink" on your tooth brush!

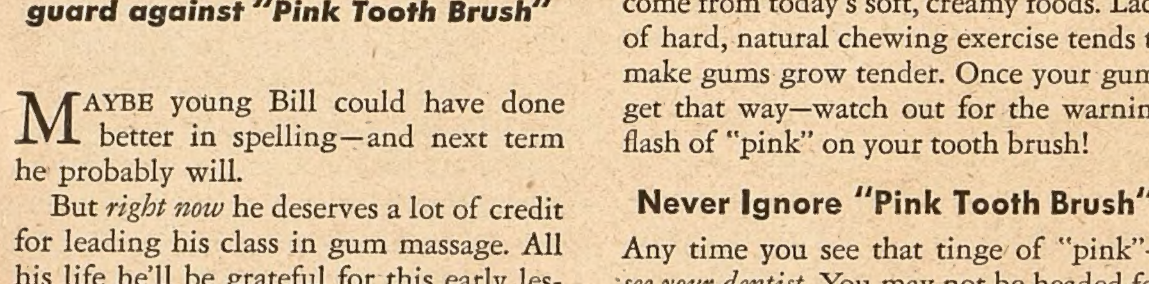
Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

Any time you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* You may not be headed for trouble, but let him decide. Very likely, however, he'll tell you that your gums have simply "softened up" from lack of vigorous chewing. And, like so many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of gums. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier—and teeth sparkle with a new lustre.

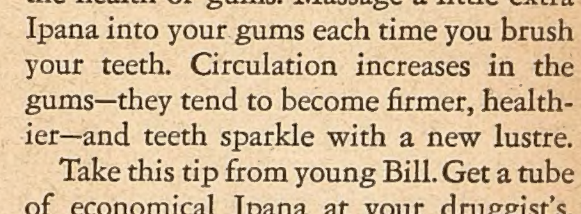
Take this tip from young Bill. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of others, to brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a smile that rates "A+."

Try Ipana and Massage and watch your Smile!


"Pink Tooth Brush" —that's me. I don't like that one bit
That means weak gums, teacher says. They need massage to keep firm and strong. Try it.
Kay, Darling, you've got the brightest nicest smile in the world!

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE


IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Get the new D.D. DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

Death LOOKS FOR CINDERELLA

by Margaret E. Sangster

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE MAN SHE RAN OVER

THE doctor was thinking: Sometimes I hate my job. . . . Right now I'd swap places with the executioner at Sing Sing. He stole a covert glance at the white face of the girl in front of him and thought, It's not fair. This youngster should be getting the breaks—love and good health and excitement! She should have all of life before her, and I've just spoken her death sentence. Aloud he said, "You asked for the truth, Miss Carey. I don't have to tell you that I'm—sorry."

Mildred Carey didn't answer—not at once. When at last she spoke, her voice was curiously calm.

"That's all right, doctor," she said. "You've been very"—she lingered over the word—"efficient. I'd like to settle my account, please. . . . Was it two visits or three?"

The doctor swallowed hard. "Two visits," he said, "and I'll send you a bill. Don't bother about paying me tonight."

It was then that Mildred laughed. "Better take the money while you can get it," she said. "I'm a bad risk. . . . Two visits at three dollars each—is that correct?"

At the doctor's nod she carefully counted out six elderly dollar bills and laid them on the edge of his desk. "You've been very kind," she said, "and I am tired. I will go home and—rest."

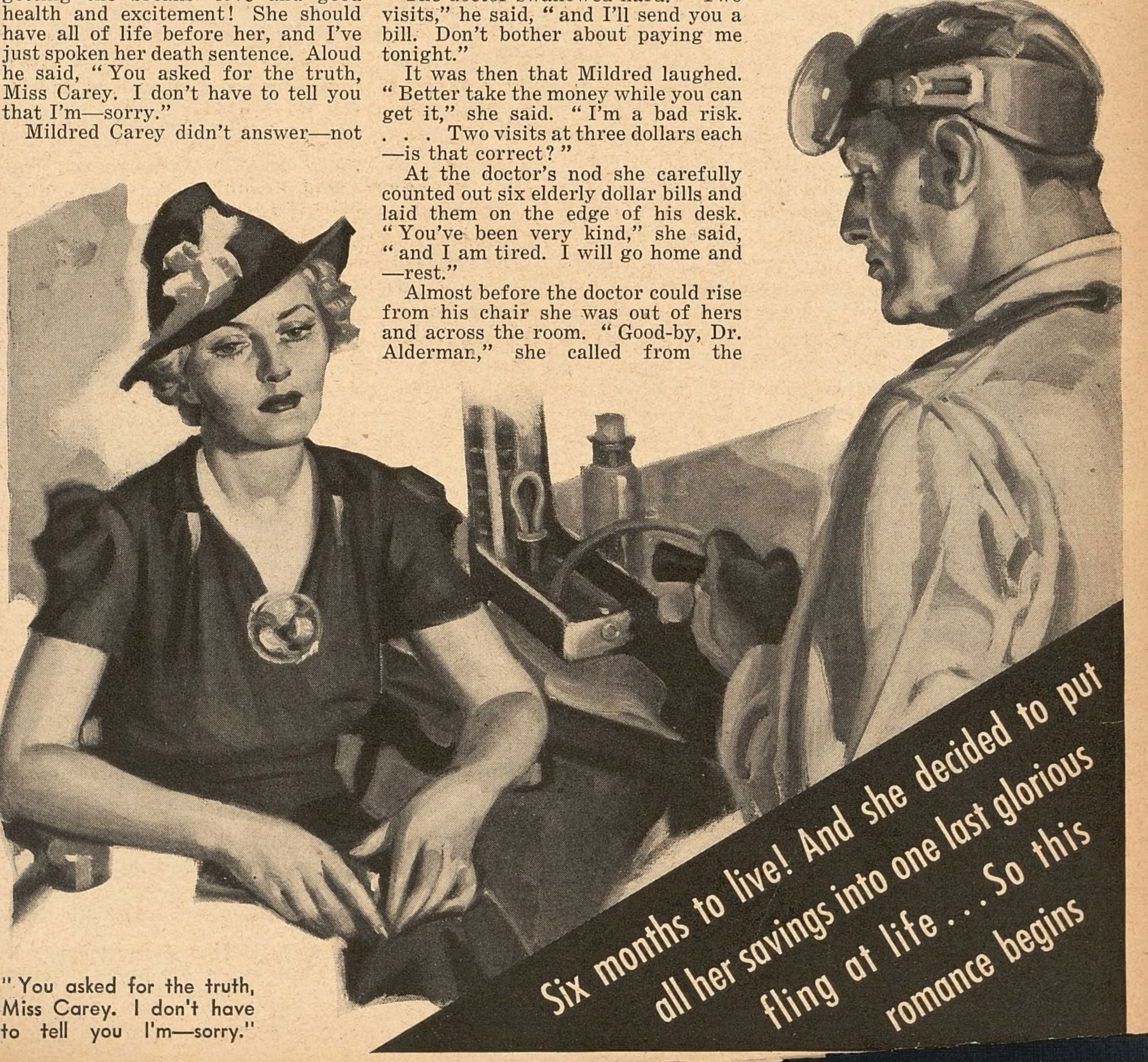
Almost before the doctor could rise from his chair she was out of hers and across the room. "Good-by, Dr. Alderman," she called from the threshold, "and thanks again." And then she was gone.

"What a girl!" murmured the doctor. "She took it in her stride, but it was as if I'd given her a kick in the stomach. . . . I hope the poor kid's able to get a little rest."

He would have been astonished to know that Mildred Carey—walking lightly away from his office—was telling herself, with a deep sense of something akin to relief:

"This is the pay-off—the pay-off. I'll never have to scrimp and save again. I'll never have to put by for a dull, miserable future. Rainy days can go hang. Old age can go hang. Life can go hang. I'm free!"

FREE? For the first time in thirty years of uneventful existence, Mildred Carey could utter the word and mean it. Since the beginning of time she had been chained to something. At the very start—as far back as she could remember—the chains had fastened her to a grim suburban town and a shabby frame cottage, where



"You asked for the truth, Miss Carey. I don't have to tell you I'm—sorry."

Six months to live! And she decided to put all her savings into one last glorious fling at life . . . So this romance begins a widowed invalid mother demanded impossible things. Mildred had loathed the town with its flat dusty streets and its second-growth trees. She had come to shrink from the querulous sound of her mother's voice eternally calling, "Millie! Millie! Come here! . . . Millie! Millie! *I want you!*"

She had learned to economize rigidly at an age when most girls were playing with dolls. Millie's mother died at forty, and there was still enough money to pay for her funeral. And there was a small insurance policy.

Left an orphan at sixteen, Mildred Carey had known a vast emptiness. Her father had passed on, rather gratefully, when she was so young that his going left no gap. The emptiness, however, was charged with relief. Now she had her own way to make, but she was at liberty to choose that way. She could migrate to the city, and the heavily mortgaged cottage could return to the creditors. She took the tiny insurance policy and invested it prudently in a secretarial course.

MILDRED learned fast. She was graduated from business school at exactly the time when the insurance money was running low. And since that moment she had worked in an office—the same office. Her salary—which had started at twelve dollars a week—had now reached the colossal sum of thirty-two, but the lifts had come in such miserable dribs and drabs that she received them with no sense of either triumph or appreciation. Twelve dollars had become thirteen; thirteen had crept up to thirteen fifty; thirteen fifty after two years had crawled to fifteen—it was that way.

Mildred in her middle teens had been a gangling girl, redeemed from complete plainness by naturally curly hair and wide-set eyes and curiously high cheekbones. She had been easy to please—far too easy. Shabby clothes and lisle stockings hadn't irked her—they were part and parcel of her existence. Going without a new dress meant money in the savings bank, and money in the savings bank stood for security. Silk stockings—they wore out easily—but the price of a pair of silk stockings added to a bank balance made the balance grow.

Mildred at thirty was beginning to realize that life had passed her by. She was tired, and there was that little nagging pain, and she was almost sorry that she had forfeited glamour for safety, and adventure for a bankbook. There were times, at thirty, when she felt old and jaded and ugly. There were times when she looked it.

The pain—it had been unimportant at first. Just something that happened in the evening after she climbed the three flights of stairs to her furnished room; that happened again if she ran for a bus. It wasn't even a pain—it was just a sensation—but it annoyed her. "If I could take a long vacation," she told herself, as she had told herself for fourteen years, "I'd be hunky-dory." But a vacation would have meant cutting into the reserve which had become a fetish instead of a bulwark. Finally—urged on by curiosity rather than worry—Mildred had gone to a doctor. Not a specialist, just somebody cheap that one of the girls in the office recommended.

As she walked along the street—a damp street, for it had been raining—Mildred went over the span of her existence in retrospect. Luxury—she'd never even had a nodding acquaintance with it. Excitement had walked past her on tiptoe. Romance—she laughed bitterly — well, it hadn't quite eluded her! Some people might look on Harry Todd as a romantic figure—at times even she herself had invested him with a pallid charm. She had worked in the same office with Harry for almost a decade. She had gone to very occasional movies with him and to Italian tables d'hôte of a Saturday night.

Harry had asked her to marry him, almost—but she had staved off a question that she felt no desire to answer. Marriage with Harry would be so commonplace. It would mean a neat little flat instead of a neat furnished room—and little else. . . .

Mildred, suddenly cut away from the years to be, found herself laughing. *Six months to go!* Harry Todd belonged to tomorrow—but definitely—and there wouldn't be any tomorrow! She was still laughing as she climbed the brownstone steps of the roominghouse in which she lived. Dr. Alderman would have said she was suffering from hysteria. Few physicians can understand the vivid mirth that is prompted by relief.

SHE entered a drab room with a golden-oak bureau and a couch bed modestly covered by an imitation India print, and two chairs. Mildred flung her coat and hat—dotted with moisture—on the India-print spread, and walked resolutely to the bureau. She jerked open the top drawer and reached beneath the pile of handkerchiefs. She brought out a quartet of slim leather books held together with an elastic band—the bank holiday in '33 had taught her not to keep all her eggs in one basket.

With the books clenched tightly in her hand she crossed the room and seated herself in the less comfortable of the two chairs. And then, as she had done many times before, she was flipping pages and totaling figures. It was hardly necessary to total them—she knew the figures by heart, right up to the minute. Fourteen hundred, twenty-two hundred, seventeen fifty-six, six hundred and forty-four. Together they amounted to six thousand dollars exactly—a pretty penny for a girl to have saved in fourteen years on a salary beginning at twelve dollars and ending at thirty-two.

"Why," she told herself with a sense of growing wonder, "that's *a thousand dollars a month!* I could live like a millionaire on a thousand dollars a month. *I could—live* . . ."

OF late, sleeping had been a problem for Mildred. One can't relax when one is haunted by a fear that hasn't any beginning or any end. But this night, with the fear finally satisfied, Mildred slept like a baby. She awoke in the morning refreshed and rested. It was several minutes before she realized that the clock said nine thirty, and then she was out of bed like a flash, with her eyes incredulous. For the first time since she could remember she hadn't set the alarm.

I'll be fired, she thought frantically. I'll be— And then realization came flooding over her like a healing balm. "What if I am fired?" she asked herself. "I don't want my job any more. I've got all the money in the world and only a little time. I'd be a fool to keep a job."

Very leisurely she bathed. Today she'd go to that small expensive tea-shop on the corner and have a real breakfast.

Bacon and an omelet *aux fines herbes* and rich chocolate and cinnamon toast. Rather a ridiculous breakfast for a girl who has lived on weak tea and crumbs! Mildred ate every smitch of it with relish and left a twenty-five-cent tip for the waitress. And then she was out on the street again, walking along a broad avenue that was lined with shops. She had never gone in for window gazing—what was the use of wanting things she couldn't have?—but today she loitered openly.

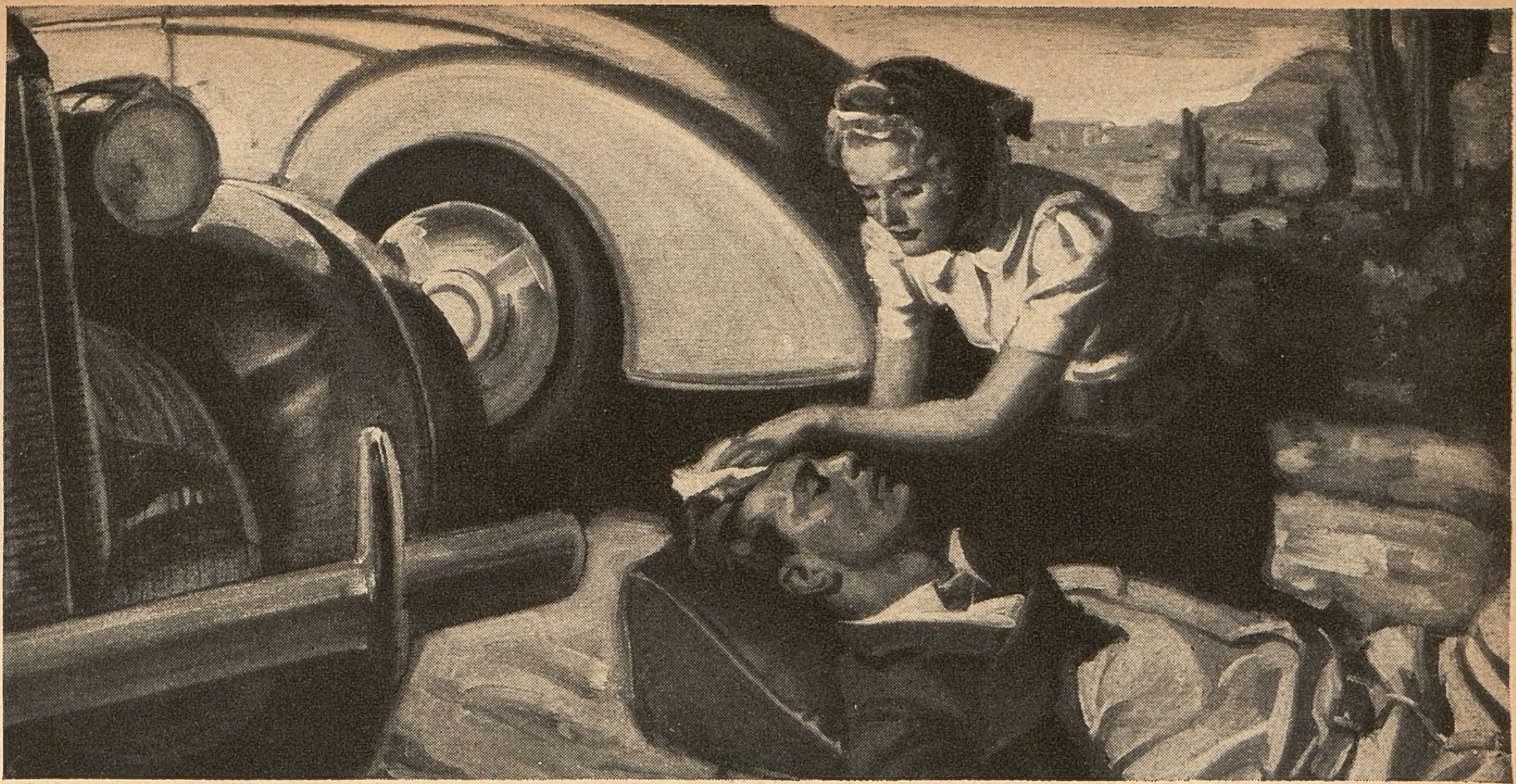
In one display there was a coat—a lovely periwinkle blue, a most impractical color. Beside it was a ridiculously tilted hat in the same haunting shade. They lured her into the shop.

"That coat and hat in the window," she said; "if they're my size, I want them. I want the fur piece too."

A bored young woman's eyes swept the entire slim length of Mildred—from her best oxfords, none too festive, to her shabby felt hat. She murmured a price, and Mildred laughed. "I haven't the money with me now," said Mildred, "but I can get it in a jiffy. My bank's just around the corner. One of my banks!" she added.

WHEN she walked into the office it was a quarter after eleven—but Mildred didn't care. A quarter after eleven. In fourteen years Mildred had been tardy only once, and that was at the time of the subway strike. As she strolled between the desks she realized that people were looking up to see her pass and were falling back with their mouths open.

Harry Todd's desk was on the aisle. After one puzzled moment he half rose from his place and then flopped down again heavily. Mildred smiled at him as from across a vast chasm. She floated past her own desk,



She began to mop away the blood. "I've seen this man before," she told herself. "I've seen him somewhere."

with its reproachfully shrouded typewriter and its pile of unopened letters, and went straight down the room until she came to the door marked PRESIDENT. It was a door that she usually avoided, but today her very knock had a brazen quality. As a gruff voice called, "Come in!" she turned the knob and entered the inner sanctum.

Silas Spiegel, the president of the firm, sat behind his desk. He was a fussy man with spectacles and a constant nearsighted frown. He said gruffly, "You should have been announced, you know." And then, "*Miss Carey!*"

Mildred smiled at him—the same distant smile that she had sent Harry Todd's way. She said:

"Have you wanted me, Mr. Spiegel? I'm late. I only just got here."

Mr. Spiegel exploded. "I've been wanting some figures," he said. "The Barkley folder, you know. It's somewhere in your desk."

"I'll send it to you," Mildred told him sweetly, "before I leave."

"What do you mean—leave?" Mr. Spiegel questioned, and the words spattered like shrapnel.

Mildred told him, "I'm resigning. You've been very nice to me for fourteen years. Thanks."

Spiegel asked her, "What's up? A new job? Or are you getting married?"

Mildred told him, "Neither. . . . You've been very generous to me, Mr. Spiegel. I can retire now and live on my income. Good-by, Mr. Spiegel."

And then she was walking down the aisle between the desks and was seated at her own and was busily going through her desk drawers. And then all about her the office began to hum like a hive of bees let loose.

"No, I haven't been fired," she told her questioners. "No, I haven't come into a legacy, either. . . . Yes, this is a pretty coat—and I think the hat's simply swell. Yes, it *did* come from the Town Shop. Yes, it *was* in the window. . . . Yes, I'm leaving right away. This minute."

Harry Todd didn't join in the chorus of the curious. He merely stared. But when Mildred—with a casual wave of the hand—started away from her desk, he came out of his seat as if he were worked by marionette wires and an invisible hand. Like a sad-eyed spaniel he followed Mildred down the long aisle between the desks and through the reception room and as far as the elevator. It was only when they reached the comparative privacy of the outer hall that he grasped her arm, just above the elbow.

"What's up, Millie?" he grated. "What's happened to you?"

"Nothing's happened to me," Mildred told him gently. "I'm tired and I need a rest. Doctor's orders."

Harry choked on some unexpected emotion.

The elevator had come clanging up three times, and had three times clanged down. Now it was rising again, according to the moon-faced dial. Harry said:

"I didn't think it would end like this."

Mildred told him, "Don't blame me, Harry. This is a happy ending—for you. Think of me kindly—" As she spoke she was swept with an unexpected grief. She had almost said, "Think of me kindly *when I'm gone.*"

Harry gulped noisily as the elevator came to its fourth jerking stop. "I'll never think of anybody else," he said, and his voice shook. "When you come back, Millie, I'll be here. Right here—waiting."

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN

Mildred almost told him, "I'll never come back." She murmured instead, "You're sweet, Harry." And then she was in the elevator, dropping down to street level.

Out of the old life—into the new.

As she bumped along the road, pushing the secondhand car to its absolute limit, Mildred found it hard to realize that less than two weeks had passed since her farewell to the office and the furnished room and Harry Todd. So many things had happened, and they had happened so swiftly.

Leaving the office, she had walked aimlessly—her new coat swinging in a jaunty fashion, her bankbooks burning a hole in her purse. As she walked she found herself thinking in terms of roads that led across level plains and over high mountains and through unshadowed valleys.

"I'll buy a car," she told herself with sudden inspiration. "This business of seeing the world is all right when you've got years, but the world's wide—and I've only six months. I'll see my own country—and like it. And I won't see it from a train window, either."

The car in two hours had become a reality. It was secondhand but impressive. Not only was it cream-colored, it had lots of chromium and a convertible top and slightly scuffed red leather seats.

She took her first lesson immediately, thereby confounding the car salesman. At her second lesson she was already plowing through traffic, with her instructor speechless at her elbow. Nothing scared her—not even a policeman's whistle. It's hard to scare a girl who has no future. At the third lesson, when the gasping instructor complimented her, she was self-satisfied and almost bland.

"I never knew any one to learn so fast," the instructor said; and Mildred answered, "That's because I haven't a minute to lose."

She had her driver's license in a week—just a week. Two days after that, the six thousand dollars—it was four thousand nine hundred now—was changed into traveler's checks and she was on the road. She was wearing knitted sports clothes, but a wardrobe suitcase reposed in the baggage carrier. There were two evening dresses and a simply alarming negligee in the suitcase.

When she saw her face in the oblong mirror on the windshield, she felt the exhilaration of meeting a stranger—for the eyes that looked at her were gay and the thin cheeks had dusky color in them, and her hair—cut for once by a good barber—was distinguished. I'm not Mildred Carey, she thought. I'm another girl—and anything *may* happen to me.

It was strange how driving a car absorbed one. There was an odd intoxication in the way the road wound up, like a satin ribbon, beneath the cream-colored car. Mildred, always static before, was on a magic carpet that carried her through villages and towns and even cities.

I'm going West, she thought. *West!* How nice!

The first night she stopped at a good hotel in a small city. The lobby was crowded—mostly with men. Mildred, unconscious of a battery of glances, went to the desk and asked if the restaurant was still open, and was answered in the negative. "But there's a drugstore," volunteered the clerk, "in the building. You can get a sandwich and some soup there."

A sandwich and soup at a drugstore. It smacked of old times. Rather draggingly Mildred walked across the lobby and entered the drugstore. She climbed on to a stool before a long white counter and gave a languid order. The boy behind the counter regarded her curiously as he started the toast machine.

"Staying in the hotel?" he asked.

Mildred admitted that she was staying in the hotel for the night. "I'm traveling out West," she said.

"I suppose," he said, as he began to put the sandwich together expertly, "that you mean California."

"I suppose," Mildred said, "that I do. California's as good as any place."

The boy behind the counter was silent for a moment.

Mildred accepted the sandwich and started to munch it.

The boy leaned two elbows on the white counter and lowered his voice. It was unnecessary to lower his voice—they were quite alone.

"I want to go to *Hollywood*," he told Mildred. "I want to get into the moom-pitcher game."

"Really?" queried Mildred.

The boy leaned closer—so close that his face was only inches away from Mildred. Suddenly he smiled—a smile that was all white teeth and narrowed eyes—personality plus.

"Notice anything about me?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "you're very good-looking and I should think you'd photograph well."

"Is that *all* you noticed?" asked the boy. "Most people get it right off—that I'm a dead ringer, I mean, for Wally Blake."

Mildred was faintly puzzled for a moment and then all at once her face cleared.

"Oh," she said, "Wally Blake—he's in the movies, isn't he? I seem to remember—"

The boy in the drugstore snorted. "You *seem* to remember!" he said. "My gosh, you must be diff'rent from other girls! Why, Wally Blake gets more fan mail than all the rest of 'em put together!"

Mildred laughed and swallowed the last of her soup.

"I'm not much of a movie fan," she said. "I never had any time to go to pictures."

The boy said, "Gosh, that's too bad."

Mildred, seeing his stricken expression, was tempted to laugh again but didn't. "Well," she said, "I'll remember how you look, and if I see Wally Blake when I land in Hollywood, I'll be sure to recognize him. That is, if I ever make Hollywood."

The drugstore boy sighed again and accepted the bill she handed him. "Some people have *all the luck*," he repeated. "Well, if you see Wally, give him my best!"

WHEN she went back to her room, fortified by the sandwich and soup, Mildred's destination had come clear. She opened her suitcase and got out a map of the United States which she had bought at a stationery store before she started. She laid the map firmly on the desk and drew a line straight across the pink and green and yellow squares and triangles. The line started at the door of the hotel—approximately; it ended in Hollywood.

It will be rather fun to go there cold, thought Mildred. I probably know less about the movies than anybody else in the United States. I haven't seen more than three pictures in the last year.

There was something comforting about a definite object. Mildred slept calmly that night in the best bed she had ever known.

The second day was not unlike the first, except that the cream-colored car went faster. She stopped for noontime lunch at a wayside stand. The woman who turned the hamburgers was broad-shouldered and pessimistic. She said to Mildred, "Going far?" And when Mildred admitted California as her destination, she shook her head.

"I don't know as it's safe for a girl to be gallivanting across the country alone," she said shortly. "You read fierce things in the papers. That woman and her daughter who was killed last year—remember?"

Mildred — racking her brain — brought to mind something that she had seen in the paper months before.

"Well," she said finally, "I'm not afraid of being killed."

"Folks that ain't afraid," the woman told her, "are usually the ones that get it!" And Mildred said, "I don't think I'll—get it." But as she swallowed her hamburger she found herself thinking along new lines. If I were murdered, she thought, it would be a joke on the murderer. He'd only be cheating himself. She thought, For that matter, *I* could commit murder if I wanted to, and they wouldn't have time to send me to the electric chair. I could commit *anything*—and get away with it!

The thought brought laughter to her lips, and the woman behind the counter snorted and turned to the next customer.

ELEVEN—or was it twelve?—days of sunshine reflected variously from the blue of mountains and the green of forests and the white of desert sands. Mildred, making a good average of two hundred and fifty miles a day, saw plenty of scenery but little else. Adventure still stood drooping in the dust and turned its head aside as she went by in her cream-colored chariot.

The trip was more expensive than she had imagined possible. But Mildred was not counting pennies—or dollars, for that matter. What if she did overspend her month's quota? A driving pace of two hundred and fifty miles a day might well shorten the six months to five.

In Virginia Mildred bought a ham and sent it back, as some sort of beau geste, to Mr. Spiegel, her ex-boss. From Ohio she sent a postal card to Harry Todd. From Illinois she sent one to Dr. Alderman. . . . Dipping south again, she reached Arizona and decorated herself with a string of uncut turquoise. She also bought an Indian blanket.

Somewhere along the route, in an unexpectedly smart shop, she purchased a bathing suit—a daring suit made of white satin. Hollywood was crowded with swimming pools—one might as well be prepared. . . .

IT was on the thirteenth day that Mildred first heard of the Rolls Robber. She read about him in a local newspaper while she was eating her dinner. He was—so said the paper—a young man, well dressed, who drove an ultra-expensive car. Which, incidentally, gave him his title. His business was the waylaying of the unwary and his technique was charmingly simple. Always on a straight, lonely road he would be glimpsed, leaning against his parked vehicle. Always he would step out into the center of the road and lift a slim hand to command the attention of an approaching motorist. His clothes and the luxury car were disarming. Travelers invariably stopped—and some of them were alive when they were picked up by the next passer-by. The Rolls Robber only killed when necessary, and it was seldom necessary unless people offered resistance. . . . One of the people who offered resistance was a woman. A schoolteacher taking her sabbatical.

Mildred, reading the newspaper story, was interested in a detached sort of way. She still had the viewpoint of those who sit upon a windowsill and watch the crowd go by. And yet the man who had sold her the convertible roadster had warned her against highway encounters, and the woman at the lunch stand, at the very beginning of her trip, had obviously expected that she would be held up sooner or later. And here and there, in shops and tearooms and inns, assorted people had expressed surprise at her solitary state.

What would I do, wondered Mildred, if I met the Rolls Robber? Would I let him take my traveler's checks—a lot of good they'd do him! Would I let him steal my new bathing suit and my negligee and my evening dresses—or would I put up a scrap and get bumped off a little ahead of time? Well, Mildred laughed, I won't meet him—so why worry?

When Mildred ate breakfast the next morning, there was another newspaper and another story of the same young man. He covered a territory nearly a thousand miles long—he was magically able to turn up five hundred miles from the place where posses were hunting him. He had a lovely smile, and he was six feet tall, at least. Mildred, carried away by the printed words, groped for her coffee cup and heard the voice of the waitress.

"I'd be scared," said the waitress, "if I had to drive alone these days."

Mildred told her, "I'm not scared of anything," and tossed the paper aside.

SHE said the same thing to a man at a filling station in the middle of that afternoon, when he solemnly told her not to pause if any one asked for a lift.

"If a guy's got a stalled car and you think he needs help," said the filling-station man, "don't you stop, lady! It's bad medicine in these parts!"

It was then that Mildred said for the second time, "I'm not scared." She added, "Besides, I know all about the Rolls Robber. I'm prepared."

And yet, three hours later, as she was riding through a perfumed dusk, she was entirely unprepared for the sight—a scant hundred yards ahead—of a bulky parked car, which was obviously expensive. And when she saw a young man leaning nonchalantly against the rear fender, she felt a tingling sensation along the entire length of her spine.

"I'm asleep," she told herself. "I'm dreaming." But she wasn't. For as she drew nearer she saw that the young man was too concrete to be a dream. Furthermore, he was tall—six feet, at least!—and slim. Furthermore, he was holding a cigarette in one hand, while the other was thrust into the pocket of his tweed Norfolk.

Mildred hadn't realized that the road was lonely until she glimpsed the parked car. She had been rolling along, wondering why the sky turned so suddenly from gold to gray without any intermediate shading of color. The fact that she hadn't passed another car for a matter of thirty minutes had seemed natural, for twilight should be an uncrowded hour. Twilight in the lonely wilderness was a relief to a girl who for years had associated dusk with subway crowds and aching feet.

Slackening her speed involuntarily, Mildred knew that she was up against the first real crisis of her life. The interview in the doctor's office had not been a crisis—it had been an incident. She still wasn't scared—not exactly—but she couldn't help noticing that the young man's hand in his pocket made a sizable lump. The lump seemed too big for just five fingers.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

had her first editorial job before she was sixteen. Served as a war correspondent and had unique experiences. Back from Europe, she became associate editor of the Christian Herald. Miss Sangster writes both poetry and fiction. Dotes on cats and lives in New York.

If there were only a side road, she thought, I'd turn on two wheels and shoot down it. But there wasn't a side road. The Rolls Robber had chosen carefully. The road was straight and unquestionably narrow.

And then—just as the newspaper story had warned her—the young man stepped directly into her path and held aloft the hand that held the cigarette. And Mildred, aware of the veiled import of his signal, realized that she wanted to die comfortably in bed.

The parked car took up a goodly portion of the road. Under the best of circumstances there would have been just enough space to get by. The young man, standing in Mildred's way, absorbed the rest of the road. There was a deep gutter on the far side—almost a gully. If she turned out to miss him, her own car would most certainly suffer damage, perhaps overturn. And if I pass, figured Mildred wisely, he'll shoot at my tires. He'd probably shoot right through the pocket of his coat. . . . I wonder, thought Mildred, why nobody has ever gone *right over him?*

I wonder. . . . Almost without her own volition, Mildred's foot crashed down on the accelerator and she was leaping ahead. She heard the young man's profane exclamation of amazement. She saw the flash of his tweed coat as he tried to leap out of her way, and felt a slight jolt as her bumper touched some part of his body. And then she passed the parked car and was whirling away. But her horrified eyes, fastened upon the mirror, saw that a long body was stretched in the dust.

WHEN one is prepared to die in six months, death should be an abstract thing. But to Mildred, the thought that she had injured—perhaps killed — somebody started a series of shivers that began at her toes and worked upward. "He deserves to be killed," she argued in self-justification, as the car made a mile. "He's killed plenty of people." But when she was three miles away from the scene of the—was it a crime or an accident or a good deed?—she drew up short. And then, with something grimly determined in the line of her mouth and jaw, she backed and turned and began to retrace her course.

"I won't run away—I won't!" said the throb of her motor. "You're a fool! You're a fool!" ticked the clock on her dashboard.

And then the car came into view, and beside it the young man still lay, a motionless figure in the dust.

Mildred, panting slightly, again jerked her car to a standstill. She didn't climb out, not immediately. She was bewildered—she had never been in this sort of situation before. "Motor accident. . . . Hit and run . . ." they were only tabloid captions. For maybe two minutes—maybe five—she sat staring through her windshield at the body in the road. And then very wearily, with the old pain tugging at her heart, she climbed out of the car and walked toward the man she had injured. As she came close she saw that there was a gash on his forehead and that a stream of blood was running over his cheek and toward his mouth.

I don't care if he *is* a robber, thought Mildred spasmodically, as she dropped to her knees beside him, I hadn't any right! Jerkily her hand moved toward her pocketbook and pulled out a clean white handkerchief. Mastering a sudden feeling of nausea, she began to mop away the blood. As the face came clean beneath the soft linen, she was conscious of a broad forehead with well modeled eyebrows. Of a straight nose. Of a good jaw line.

"I've seen this man before," she told herself blankly. "I've seen him *somewhere.*"

And then, all at once, realization struck her. No, she thought, I've never seen *him.* . . . He looks like that drugstore clerk, thousands of miles from here.

Under her ministering hand the man moved ever so slightly and groaned.

Is this stranger of the road the notorious bandit or can he be Wally Blake, the movie idol? In either case, what will Mildred do? And what of his injuries and retaliation? It is a situation full of unexpected possibilities which you will be eager and curious to witness in next week's Liberty. Don't miss the excitement!

IS FATHE

The anti-Red crusader asked us for a hearing and Liberty gives it to him in this exclusive interview in which he boldly states his stand

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A NEW and strange amusement has come to New York with Father Charles E. Coughlin's propaganda.

You stroll down most any block in mid-Manhattan and stop at the corner. There will be somebody there with a bundle of Father Coughlin's literature under one arm and a copy extended in his right hand.

Listen to him a moment.

"Here you are. Right off the press. The real truth about Communism. The only man in America that dares to tell the truth about the Reds."

Then listen to the opposition—a young man with a large placard which tells the world that "Father Coughlin does not speak for the Catholic Church."

"Why is Father Coughlin a hero to Nazi Germany?" this young man shouts. "Don't read anti-Semitic propaganda. Don't read any propaganda sheet. Read the only publication that dares to tell the truth about Father Coughlin."

He also has a bundle of propaganda magazines under his arm and an extended copy in his hand.

Listen a minute or so and then go on. At the next corner you'll find much the same thing.

"Read about it. President Roosevelt as 'War Maker No. 1.' Here it is —from Father Coughlin.

"Here you are, folks. The books Father Coughlin would love to suppress and Hitler would love to burn."

"Read clean, Christian American literature—Father Coughlin's!"

"Read why Father Coughlin hates the Jews. Who's backing him in his anti-Semitic campaign? Read about it here."

Wherever there is a man or a woman or a boy selling Father Coughlin's propaganda there is a man, woman, or boy twenty feet or so away selling Communist or Socialist propaganda. And wherever the two of them are, there is a policeman, put there to keep order.

I walked east on Forty-second Street recently with a Jewish friend. We stopped at every block, took in each little comedy, and sauntered on toward Grand Central.

"It's funny," my friend said. "Yet, if you analyze it, it isn't funny at all. Father Coughlin is stirring up something terrible in this city—and perhaps in other cities too. Why doesn't the Catholic Church muzzle him? Doesn't the Church realize what harm he's doing, preaching against capitalism, against labor, against the Jews? Who's backing him in his anti-Semitic campaign?"

"By a strange coincidence," I answered, "I'm on my way to Royal Oak, Michigan, now, to see Father Coughlin. I'll ask him all the questions you've asked me."

"But he won't answer them," my friend said.

My friend was wrong. I spent three hours talking to Father Coughlin in the rectory back of the Shrine of the Little Flower; and he answered all my questions in full.

He laughed when I asked him if he were an anti-Semite.

"Hundreds of people have asked me that question," he said. "Thousands have accused me of warring on the Jews, of being a Nazi and a Fascist, of being anything and everything but a Communist. So, just recently, I issued a pamphlet, made up of nine radio broadcasts made between November 6 and the first of the year, and called it, Am I an Anti-Semite?

"No Catholic priest could be anti-Semitic," Father Coughlin went on. "It is ridiculous to say I have any bias against the Jews as Jews. As a matter of fact I have repeatedly asked the Jews—the good, honest, religious, patriotic American Jews—to join me in the fight against Communism.

"I am against the atheistic, the irreligious, the Communist Jews, and only them. I am also bitterly opposed to all Communist Gentiles."

"Then, father," I said, "why don't you make it clear that you are opposed only to Communists? Why mention Jewish and Gentile Communists?"

Father Coughlin got up from the couch where he had been sitting and paced the floor. "In 1917 those who ruled the Soviet government with Lenin were haters of religion; haters of God. In the Communist leadership were atheistic Jews. Their idea was to spread Communism throughout the world, to do away with God entirely. In some countries they met with a certain amount of success; in other countries, such as Germany, they met determined opposition.

"In Germany, Communism developed Nazism.

"Had there been no Communist Party, there would be no Nazi Party —and no persecution of German Jews.

"Mind you, I am not upholding Hitler or Nazism. I am saying only that Nazism was a defense mechanism against Communism. I am saying that Nazism found Communism too closely allied to Judaism to make any distinctions between the two.

"Between the years 1917 and 1938 the Russian Communistic government murdered more than twenty million Christians and appropriated more than forty billion dollars' worth of Christian property.

"Today the Nazi government is persecuting the Jews, the good, decent, religious, hard-working, honest Jews, as well as the atheistic Communist Jews. It makes no distinction, such as I make among the Jews.

"The average Jew, the kind we

COUGHLIN ANTI-SEMITIC?

His Own ANSWER

admire and respect, has been placed in jeopardy by his guilty leaders. He pays for their godlessness, their persecution of Christians, their attempts to poison the whole world with Communism.

“My purpose is to help eradicate from the world its mania for persecution, to help align all good men—Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, Christian and non-Christian—in a battle to stamp out the ferocity, the barbarism, and the hate of this bloody era.

“I want the good Jews with me—and I’m called a Jew baiter, an anti-Semite!”

Father Coughlin stopped pacing for a moment.

“So,” I said, “you represent that you’re not anti-Semitic; you’re anti-Communist.”

“I am anti-Communist,” Father Coughlin said. “And anti-Nazi. I am an American. No true American can favor either Communism or Nazism.”

He began to pace the room again.

“We must admit, though,” he said, “that pro-Communist sentiment is growing in America. Newspaper and radio propaganda is responsible and the shallow thinking of those exposed to that propaganda. In order to whip up sentiment for Communism our people are being flooded with accounts of Nazi atrocities. You almost never hear anything or read anything about Communist persecutions.

“Sometime ago a Detroit newspaper printed an official summary of the Communist murders in Spain. About 12,500 ministers of Christ had been murdered during the revolution by the Loyalist supporters of Stalin. A little army massacred. An army of God.

“You know what space the paper gave that news? One inch and three quarters. No more than that!

“Yet this same paper gave pages and pages to the news of the $400,000,000 fine imposed on the Jews in Germany, after the assassination of a German consul in Paris.”

“Why should Communists spread propaganda in this country?” I asked. “Aren’t the people here too sensible—”

“Sure the people of America are sensible,” Father Coughlin cut me off, seeing the trend of my thoughts. “But even sensible people can be misled. And if the Communists can, through propaganda or in any other way, convert the bulk of the middle-class Americans to their way of thinking, they can take over the government.

“See what the C. I. O. has done already in these United States! The C. I. O. is pretty well contaminated with leaders who are Red in thought and action, and it has been able to bring about chaos in industry. Labor is always the first victim of the Communist agitators, no matter what country those agitators seek to destroy. Destroy labor, and you’ve won the first round in the fight to take over the middle class. And the government policies of sabotaging crops, killing little pigs, and dispossessing farmers, it seems to me, are in line with the Red program of destruction.”

For over an hour Father Coughlin paced the floor and talked. Then he smiled and asked if I weren’t hungry.

“No,” I said. “I had a late dinner.”

“Well,” he said, “it’s getting close to midnight, and I’m ravenous. Let’s go down to the kitchen.”

We went to the kitchen. Father Coughlin opened the icebox, poured out a couple of glasses of milk, and began an assault on a small plate of biscuits.

“The majority of Jews, poor, humble, upright, God-fearing men and women, like the majority of Christians,” he went on, “played no part in the origins of the Communist Party, want nothing to do with that party now. Oh, if I could only make them see what their irreligious leaders have done to them! If I could only get them to come out and make a stand against Communism!

“So long as the great body of the Jews remains silent on this question, so long as the world is led to believe that all Communists are Jews and all Jews are Communists, so long will there be persecution. So long as the doctrines of Antichrist, anti-patriotism, and anti-property are preached, so long will there exist some defensive mechanism against those policies. It is Nazism today. Tomorrow it will be something else. Today the defensive mechanism grinds in Germany. Tomorrow it may grind in New York.

“Nazism, the direct effect of Communism, cannot be done away with until its cause is done away with. Let the religious Jews in high places, in the synagogue, in the bank, in the newspapers and magazines, and on the radio, attack the cause of Nazism. Let them attack Communism, and all those who spread it, Jews and Gentiles alike.

“To destroy Nazism you must first destroy Communism.

“No Jew who is a real Jew has any business in the Communist Party. A Jew believes in God. The Communist Party holds there is no God. It wars on everything the Jew and the Christian hold sacred.

“No matter then what ties of blood may bind the God-fearing Jews in this country with the atheistic Jews in Russia, those ties must be severed. For God. For country. And for the benefit of the Jews in America.

“The time has come when no one can afford to be associated with Communism, even through the medium of silence. The Jew who loves God must repudiate the Communist Jew who hates Him. Communism must be stamped out, or an illogical world will build up a defense mechanism against it here in these United States that will parallel the illogical mechanism of Nazi Germany—if it does not surpass it. Any other questions?”

“Who’s backing you in your fight on Communism?” I asked.

“You mean in my so-called anti-Semitic campaign, I suppose,” Father Coughlin said. “Who’s backing me? Catholics and Protestants and Jews. People who send in dimes and quarters and half dollars and bills. People who believe in me.”

“Are you anti-labor?”

“Nonsense. That’s some more propaganda spread by Communists. I am not opposed to industrial unions, but I *am* opposed to any organization that is tinged with Communism.”

“Meaning the C. I. O.?”

“Meaning the Communist leaders in the C. I. O. who rode roughshod over orderly government in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin. Also John L. Lewis, who believes he is the law, the constitution, the self-appointed leader of the industrial masses.”

“Are you anti-capital?”

Father Coughlin turned out the light and led the way upstairs.

“I should like to point out only one significant fact—that Germany and Italy, and now Spain, have escaped from the international banker. Those countries have no gold. They issue money against actual wealth and production. This country has seventeen billion dollars’ worth of gold buried in Kentucky, and issues money against debts—against bonds. Italy and Germany, though poor, have no unemployment problems. And everybody eats. In this country there are thirteen million people out of work, and more than ten million families have to exist on less than $750 a year.

“There. I’ve actually said a good word for the totalitarian countries, so, naturally, I’ll be called both a Fascist and a Nazi.”

THE END

Does Father Coughlin’s position as he states it clear him of the charge of anti-Semitism? Read the reply to the radio priest’s claims by George Britt, co-author of Christians Only and noted journalist, in next week’s Liberty.

COUNTRY CLUB *Scandal*

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

FROM an airplane, Locust Gardens, Long Island, was the perfect suburb. The streets were laid out with neat irregularity, so superior to the villages which grew more naturally and achieved only a checkerboard pattern. The trees were young but they were plentiful. The gardens were perfect. The houses—toylike at a distance—were sleek and smart and ran to Elizabethan or colonial reproductions, with here and there a modern house for variety.

The main street was called Camden Road and the shops along its curved length were mostly slightly Elizabethan from the outside and extremely modern within. Most of the people who lived in Locust Gardens commuted to New York and did some of their shopping there, but the Camden Road shops contained the last word in sports dresses and gadgets and automobiles and foodstuffs.

But it was the homes that made Locust Gardens important. Each home stood in its own garden, complete with garage and foundation planting and looking all ready for a photograph for an interior-decoration magazine. No slums in Locust Gardens. A few tradespeople lived above their shops. The rest of the people were the seemingly better class, the people who get a new car every two years.

As a lot of the folks were apt to say, when any one complained, " If you can't be happy in Locust Gardens, where could you be happy? " And no one knew the answer.

Tonight, the second stories of most of the better homes in Locust Gardens were ablaze with light, for every one was getting ready to go to the regular Saturday-night dance at the Country Club. The crowds were about the same every Saturday, with only a slight shift. Folks out of town on holiday or house guests in Locust Gardens were taken to the club, one of the brightest gems of the weekend.

The Mortons lived in one of the smartest white colonial houses in Locust Gardens. They were, of course, getting ready for the dance at the Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton—Paul and Lela, when you got to know them—were dressing in their room. They shared the biggest bedroom and had their own bath. Joan and Bud were dressing in their own rooms. They had separate bedrooms, of course, but they shared the same bath, so that sort of evened things up.

Joan knocked at the door of her mother's room.

" Mother! " she called. Her mother opened the door.

" You've *got* to get Bud out of the bathroom *this minute!* " Joan said. " He's been there for *hours!* "

" Oh, dear! " said Lela Morton. There was real distress in her voice. " You know how long it takes Bud to bathe and shave. Your father," she added, as if that were a help, " is still in the bathroom, too."

" But you don't care *when* you get there. Ralph Mitchell is taking me over to the Williamses' for drinks first."

" Drinks! " said Lela. " You'll be careful and not drink too much, darling. Girls these days—but I always tell every one that, no matter what faults you've got, you *never* drink too much, either one of you."

" I don't like to drink," said Joan. " But what faults do you say we've got? A little plain and fancy murdering, maybe? "

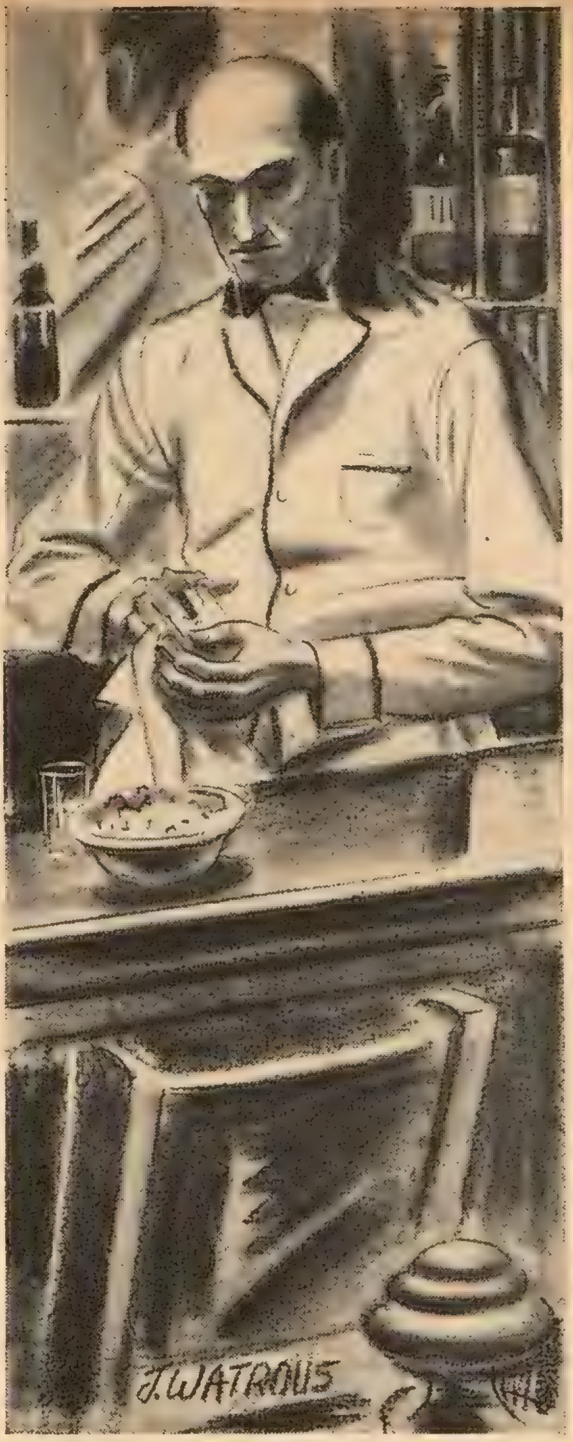
" How you go on! " Lela Morton laughed. " I think you're fine. I think we've made a good job of you. But if you only wouldn't spend quite so much time with Bill Foster. I know you think he's amusing—but he's married and years too old for you and always drinking too much."

" I told you I was going with Ralph Mitchell."

" Ralph couldn't be a nicer boy. But last time you went with him, and then you and Bill—"

" I know. I'm terrible! "

" You're *not!* " said Lela Morton. " Only I want to be proud of my family. I can't help but worry about you. And Bud's taking that awful Graham girl from over in Morganville. I can't imagine what he sees in *her!* And he won't listen to reason, and she doesn't fit in with the crowd at all, it seems to me. It would be simply a *disaster* if he were serious—and you go with a married man and your father dances with that Ketcham woman—"



Roy hadn't noticed anything. Bud reached out, took Louise's hand, tucked the bit of paper into it.

" You aren't accusing *father!* " Joan hoped that she sounded as if she were shocked.

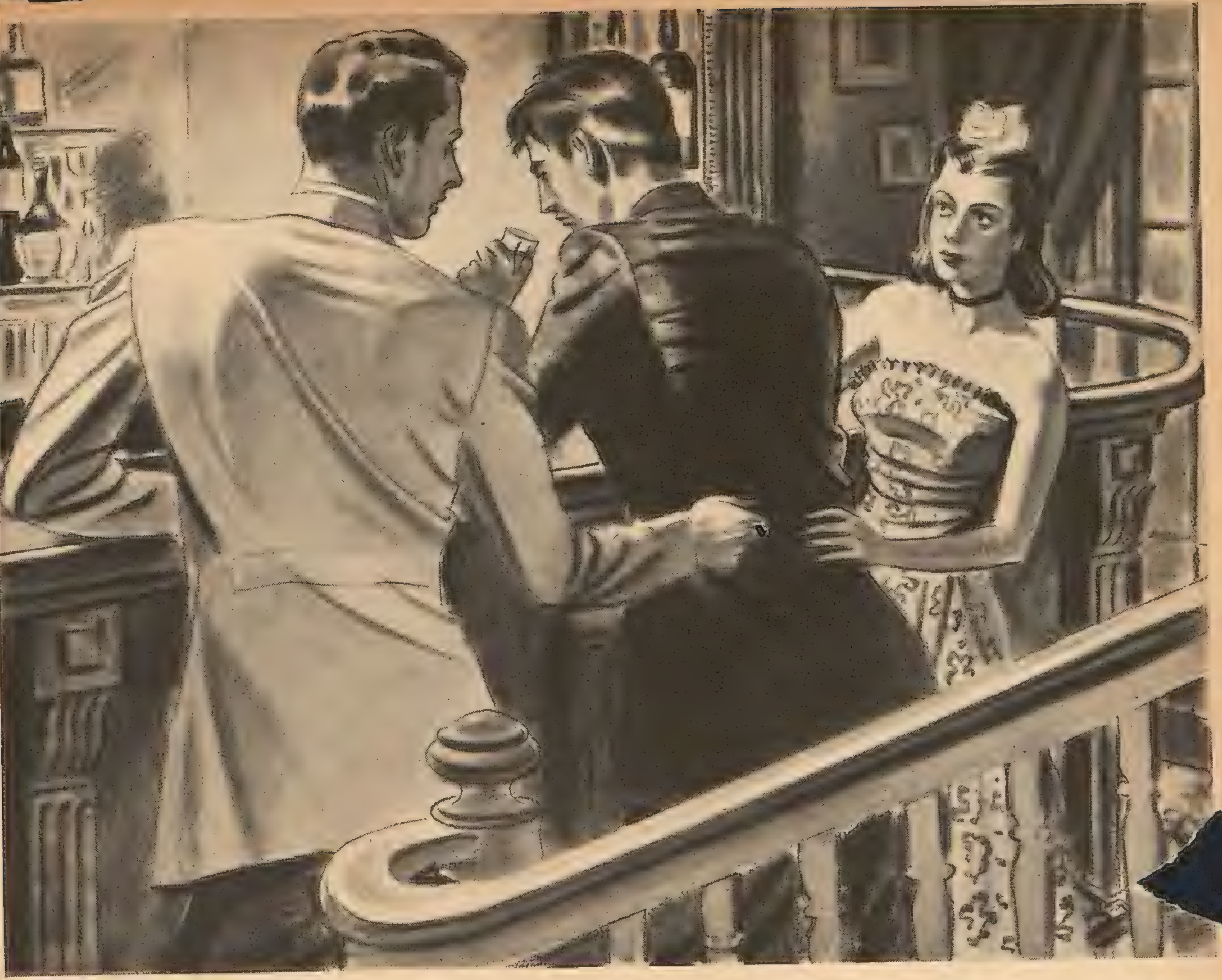
" No, of course not! " Lela Morton spoke quickly. " But they had lunch together in town. Mrs. Porterfield told me. And when I asked your father, he said yes, they had had lunch; they'd just happened to meet on the street and it seemed so unimportant to him that it had slipped his mind. And I said—"

" What a dreadful family you've got! " laughed Joan. " And you—well, you're certainly giving yourself a time with Red Ridgeway."

" I? " said Lela Morton. " I! Why, I never! I danced with him a couple of times, you know that's all! "

" You had a drink with him! At the bar! What an example to the young! "

" He's an old friend," said Lela Morton.



Into a group of nice suburban folks slipped a threat of murder to make an exciting tale

"So is—" began Joan. There was a sound of a door opening.

"Bud!" she said. "If I don't get in, he'll be back again!"

Lela Morton went slowly back to her dressing table. Rubbed cold cream carefully into her skin. She wasn't in a hurry. She could bathe and dress after Paul got out of the bathroom. Anyhow, she rather liked getting to the club a bit late. She rather fancied making an entrance. Her blue chiffon wasn't as new as Joan's pale peach-colored taffeta but it was rather effective. Lela was glad she'd never let herself get fat. Oh, she'd added weight—she had to wear a size eighteen and sometimes even a twenty. But that wasn't large compared to Mrs. Winchester or Mrs. Semple. How those women had let themselves go!

Yes, she'd kept up in every way, she felt. Learning the new dances, though she didn't rumba very well. She belonged to the Woman's Club, so she heard talks on the new books, and she read new books too, though not very often. Those she read were always on the best-seller list.

She was a little worried about Joan. Joan was seeing too much of Bill Foster. She never thought that a daughter of hers would be interested in a married man! And not even attractive. Too sleek-looking! And drinking too much. Surely Joan could *see* he wasn't any good. She wanted to forbid Joan to see Bill. She didn't dare. So she tried to joke about it instead.

Bud was two years older than Joan—an ideal arrangement, if you only had two children, Lela Morton always said. He was ambitious and wanted to be a newspaper reporter and write plays. But the way things were! So he worked in a filling station instead, out on the Cumberland Road, and came home so dirty you thought he'd never be clean again.

It was all right, times being what they were, for Bud to work in a filling station, but Lela Morton thought there was no excuse for his going with Louise Graham. You'd expect, if a boy was going out of his class, that he'd pick out a wild sort of girl. But Bud didn't. He started going with Louise in high school and wrote to her all through college and wouldn't hear a word against her. He'd just begun to take her to the Country Club.

He claimed Louise Graham was *superior*—because she was satisfied with movies and suppers in lunchrooms and didn't mind his working in a filling station. Lela couldn't do anything with Bud, either.

She did wish Bud and Joan got along together! They were always scrapping. Always sharp and sarcastic with each other. She had hoped that when they grew up, things would be different. And here they were grown up—and didn't agree about anything.

Funny, thought Lela Morton. Everything looked grand from the outside. All the Mortons dressing to go to the Country Club dance. And they'd all emerge presently in chiffon and taffeta and the men in black ties, as proper and peaceful as all of the rest of Locust Gardens.

Lela Morton wasn't worried about

her husband. True, he did dance a little more than she liked with Bernice Ketcham, but, after all, she was Paul's wife and she trusted Paul. As for Red Ridgeway, whom Joan teased her about, that was just fun, to show she still could get a man to look her way, even if she was married and had grown children.

Paul came out of the bathroom. He did look nice, his face still flushed from shaving.

"Nearly ready, mother?" he asked.

"And you kept me out of the bathroom!" Her voice was harsh. She didn't like to be called "mother." It seemed to age her, and she was ashamed to tell Paul her objection.

"I'm out now. Let's get going. Not that I care about the club, but you've got your heart set on it."

"I? That's good! Wild horses couldn't keep you away. You've got to dance with your Miss Ketcham!" She laughed, on her way to the bathroom, to show she didn't care—knew it wasn't serious.

"Nonsense! There's nothing to it, as you well know," said Paul. "Nothing to it at all."

LELA went into the bathroom and closed the door. And suddenly her whole world seemed to fall to pieces. It wasn't what Paul had said or even the way he had said it. It was just something intangible.

Bernice Ketcham wasn't young. [illegible]e wasn't even pretty. She was tall [illegible] sort of fast-looking, with her [illegible]air and too much mascara on [illegible] eyes. She and her brother had moved to Locust Gardens two years before. They lived in one of the few apartments in town—most people preferred houses in the suburbs. Her brother was away on business most of the time, which was just as well, because he drank a lot when he was home. He was a colorless young man—nothing like his sister. It was rumored that Miss Ketcham had been married, but neither she nor her brother ever talked about their pasts, which was unusual in a community where every one knew everything about every one else.

Lela's world whirled about her head and she didn't like it. A gnawing fox of jealousy began nibbling at her. Paul—and Bernice Ketcham. The other woman! What could she do? She hadn't let herself go. She'd been as good a wife and mother as she knew how to be. And things were happening.

It wasn't imagination. She knew that. She was surprised only that she hadn't been suspicious before.

What *could* she do? In stories there were always so many things to do. Little tricks. Something that would show up the other woman and make you seem fine and noble. It would take some tricks now. To bring Joan to her senses. And Bud. And Paul. It was too much! She felt bewildered and horribly afraid.

From the bedroom came Paul's voice:

"Hurry up! The dance is tonight—not next week!"

But there would be a dance next week—and the week after! Lela wanted to cry, "Help me, Paul! Help me, God!" She didn't cry out at all.

The Country Club was gay. Sometimes there were special decorations, but tonight was just a regular summer dance and there were only the bowls of cut flowers and the new bright chintz covers on the furniture in the lounge and the gay gowns of the girls as they whirled to the music of Freddie Robins and his Five Rogues.

Bud was the first of the Mortons to arrive. Louise Graham had been waiting when he called to pick her up. She was always ready. That was one of her charms. No tricks. No pretending other dates or suitors.

Louise lived with her grandmother and brother in Morganville. Morganville was an old village. The streets were straight and narrow and the cottage Louise lived in was small and, according to Locust Gardens standards, poorly furnished.

Louise's grandmother had welcomed Bud with a bright smile. She was a decent and plain little old lady who, when her daughter and son-in-law were killed in an automobile accident, had assumed the raising of her two grandchildren without even thinking of complaining. Both of the grandchildren were working now, luckily, so they got along all right—but when she'd had just the insurance money there'd been some lean years.

It never occurred to grandma that any boy was too good for Louise. She thought Bud Morton was a mighty nice fellow, but she didn't feel that Louise was doing any too well to go with him. A job in a filling station! Still, he was pleasant and quiet and not wild. She chatted with Bud while Louise fetched her cape, black velvet and bought last year at a sale.

Louise looked pretty, Bud thought. She was wearing her brown net, brightened with the gold brooch he had given her on her birthday and with new gold slippers.

THEY didn't talk much on the way to the club. Bud was driving his own car, bought, two years before, for sixty dollars and "improved" in many ways since that time. Joan wouldn't ride in it. Lela shivered at the sight of it in the neat Morton garage but, to prove she was an understanding mother, she sometimes let Bud drive her to the stores for shopping on Saturday mornings.

It was nice being with Louise, Bud thought. He didn't have to make conversation or try to be clever. She told him something about her work the last couple of days—she was private secretary to a man in Wall Street. He told her a little about his days, mentioning funny people who had been in the filling station.

"I want to get out of there," he said. "Next week I'm going in town again and try to get on a newspaper. Maybe if I keep on trying—"

It was very gay at the club. As soon as they got rid of their coats Louise and Bud started to dance, speaking to a dozen people as they danced by.

The Applebys, three of them. Dick Morris, home from Chicago, where he'd gone on business. Doris Fermand in gold-spangled chiffon. Well, some one had to keep up the tone of the club!

Bud's parents came in while he was still dancing, and he waved to them carelessly. His mother looked nice, he thought. A little on the stout side. If she only didn't get silly toward the end of the evening with Red Ridgeway! Ridgeway was an old fool! His mother criticized Louise—and Louise always behaved herself like a lady. Why, Louise didn't have any faults at all, unless you count being born in the wrong neighborhood a fault.

As soon as he spoke to his father, Bud looked around for Bernice Ketcham. He didn't see her. Maybe she wouldn't come! That would be a break!

Bud had begun to hear rumors about Miss Ketcham and his father. The kind of rumors you can't go up to a fellow and say, "Don't dare say that about my dad!" and knock him down. Nothing definite. Just little things. But nothing good.

Bud didn't dare talk to his father about it. For, in a way, it wasn't any of his business, really. Why, one look at that old Ketcham girl and Bud had her number. Funny his father couldn't see through her. Cheap and obvious.

YOUR mother looks so pretty tonight," said Louise. "So young-looking to have you for a son."

"Sure she looks young," said Bud. "Why shouldn't she? She fusses enough with herself, and dad's always looked out for her. What's she got to worry about?"

Joan and her crowd came in. The smart young moderns of Locust Gardens. That's the way they liked to think of themselves. Dody Williams and Dick Halpern. Lois Durant and Freddy Cartwright. Joan and Ralph Mitchell. They created quite a little flurry—waving to every one and talking a little too loudly and with too much excitement in their manner. They all danced, too, doing steps a little newer and a little more intricate and taking up more space than the others. They talked a lot of the Stork and Monte Carlo and they knew a lot of tango and rumba steps, and made, as they tried to do, every one else at the Country Club seem a little old-fashioned.

Bud waved to Joan and to the others. He'd gone with Lois Durant one time. She was silly. Couldn't be compared in any way to Louise.

Bud danced with Louise again. Relaxed when his arms were around her. She was a swell girl. Some day—maybe soon—

Bernice Ketcham came in. Late, to make an entrance. She was wearing red. Wouldn't that woman wear red? It made her dyed hair and her made-up face look more artificial than usual. How could his father be interested in her!

She was with her brother Roy. Roy was as colorless and unpleasant-looking as always, and his pale eyes looked dull. He had already started drinking. Harry Finney came up to dance with the Ketcham woman—that was the way Bud liked to think of her—and Roy disappeared.

His father cut in—and danced away with Bernice Ketcham, looking too solid, too decent, and a little—yes, too dull and heavy and substantial to be mixed up in anything as unpleasant as the aura the Ketchams created.

Joan was dancing with Bill Foster. That wouldn't get her any place. He'd had that out with Joan—and she'd only laughed at him.

His mother saw his father with the Ketcham woman. And undoubtedly she thought it was up to *her* to do something—so she danced with Red Ridgeway again. Well, there they were! Music and lights and people whirling around. Outwardly everything so happy and gay. And *his* family! Bud groaned aloud. A regular Saturday night at the Country Club.

"What's the matter?" Louise asked.

"Nothing," he told her. "Everything's ducky!"

Dick Halpern cut in and Bud relinquished Louise to him. Then he stood watching the dancers.

Funny, everything looked so peaceful and pretty—from the outside. Bud knew so much that was going on. The Jessups quarreling. And Dody Williams in love with a boy who worked at the filling station with him—and not daring to invite him to the club. A dozen other people—well, take his own family!

BUD decided not to take his own family just then. He'd go down to the bar, get a drink instead.

"Scotch-and-soda," said Bud, and felt very much a man of the world. Doris Fermand, her gold-spangled chiffon very striking against the dark paneled walls, was at the bar having a drink with Joe Fisher. Roy Ketcham was drinking alone at one end of the bar. There was no one else there. Others would come piling down when the dance was over.

Bud went to the end of the bar opposite Roy Ketcham. An impossible person, even without his sister. Bud drank slowly.

Doris and Joe finished their drinks, sauntered upstairs.

Roy motioned to Bud.

"Come over here, young fellow!"

"I'm all right where I am. This part of the bar's softer, don't you think?" That ought to end things.

It didn't end anything.

"I'll come over there, then," Roy said.

Bud noticed that he was quite drunk now.

With his drink in his hand he ambled over to Bud.

"You're just the person I wanted to see," he said.

"I suppose I ought to feel honored." Bud tried to keep the sneer out of his voice.

"Honored or not—I might as well talk it over with you."

"Talk what over?"

"What I'm going to do."

"What *are* you going to do?"

"Well, just this!" Roy lowered his voice, looked around. Dick the bartender was at the other end of the bar.

Roy's hand went into his pocket. He pulled out a small black automatic. Flat. And so small it almost lay in the palm of his hand. "See this?"

"Yes, I see it," said Bud.

Roy let the gun slide back into his pocket.

"Well, I'm going to use that to-night. And I guess you don't know who on."

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

author of novels and of numerous short stories, was on the stage for a time before she started her writing career. Born in Fort Smith, Arkansas, she studied at the University of Missouri, Columbia University, and the Cincinnati Art Academy. She is married.

"No, I don't," said Bud.

"Well, I'm figuring," said Roy, and his voice was low and almost soft, "maybe your father could use a little of it. A good lesson!"

"My father!"

"Don't act so innocent. You're no kid. You know how he's been playing around with my sister."

"They've danced together here at the club," said Bud. "I don't think it's been anything more than that."

"*You* don't think it's been more than that! It's been a lot more than dancing, I can tell you."

"But you couldn't—do anything—"

"I couldn't? I'll show you!"

Bud's mind raced. If he grabbed Roy now, Roy would pull his gun. Some one would be hurt in the struggle.

It was incredible that this thing should happen. Why, people didn't pull guns outside of Western movies—and Bud never went to see Westerns. Oh, he'd read about people with revolvers, but they were another kind of people—terrible people—not people he knew. Here! In the Locust Gardens Country Club. His father—

He'd have to gain time. That was the thing! Maybe he could get Roy really drunk so he'd pass out. Then he could get the revolver away from him. Once he had the revolver, things would be different. He could do things so that Roy wouldn't try again.

"But, Roy," he said, as lightly as he could, "think of all the trouble you'd get into yourself."

Roy laughed.

"I've got influence with the police. All I got to do is to say the gun went off by itself. Or say I'm crazy. Or just tell about your father. She's my sister. I got to look out for her."

"You wouldn't want to kill a man."

"You think! I've had enough trouble. We had to move away, the last time, because she got mixed up in something. And before that. I told her if I ever found her in anything again—"

"Then, don't you see, maybe it's her fault."

"Sure it's her fault. But you can't get into trouble by yourself. If Morton had let her alone!"

Bud moved backward just one step. He'd get help!

"Come back here!" said Roy, grabbing his arm. "I know what you're up to!"

"I've—I've got a dance with my girl. She'll be wondering."

"Let her wonder!"

They drank.

Roy mustn't go into that ballroom full of people with that gun. It wasn't only his father Bud was thinking of. It was all the others too. Why, Roy could do anything—

Dick the bartender looked in their direction, began arranging bottles behind the bar. If Bud could only say something to him! But Dick was so dumb.

"If I could send word to my girl—"

Roy looked at Bud closely.

"Well, maybe. I want to hear what you say."

"Sure. Dick can tell her."

HE called Dick. Dick came over to him, a wondering expression on his face. Bud thought quickly. What could he say? Then he remembered. Last week he'd got a splinter in his finger and Louise had taken it out for him. And he'd said, "I hope you'll always be around when I get a splinter in my finger." Would Louise remember?

"Will you tell Miss Graham that I was delayed? I have a splinter in my finger."

Looking a bit bewildered, Dick went upstairs.

And Bud drank his drink and trembled a little. What if Louise did come down? What could he say then? And if she didn't come? Surely there couldn't be any real danger to his father, to any one, in this comfortable bright place. But that's the way people thought about hurricanes and floods and war. There couldn't be danger. But there was danger! Here! Now!

Louise came. She looked a little bewildered too.

"You had the dance with me. And you sent word—"

"I—I wanted to stay here with Roy Ketcham. You know Miss Graham, Mr. Ketcham. And I thought you wouldn't mind if I didn't dance."

"It's nice to meet Mr. Ketcham, even if you didn't want to dance with me," said Louise. Her voice was uneven. She knew something was wrong.

If he could only say now, "Grab his hand, Louise," and he'd grab at the same time. But it wouldn't work. Louise couldn't possibly catch on that quickly. It would just put her in danger. He wondered, now, why he had wanted her here so badly.

"Let's have another drink," said Bud. Dick was back behind the bar. They all ordered and stood there, drinking, as if everything were all right.

Other people came in, ordered. Roy talked to Louise, and Louise, looking anxiously at Bud, talked to Roy.

Bud crumpled a paper napkin in his fingers. A funny little paper napkin, the kind they always had at bars. And then a thought came to him! If he could!

He watched Roy. Roy wasn't paying much attention to him, satisfied that he was there. He held the napkin in his hand, pulled out a pencil. It was hard to write on the napkin—and he didn't dare seem to be paying any attention to it.

"Roy has a gun," he wrote. It was the best he could do.

He folded the paper napkin into a tiny square, held it in his hand. He waited. Roy hadn't noticed anything. Bud reached out, took Louise's hand, tucked the bit of paper into it, saw her fingers curl around it.

"When you've finished your drink," he told her, "you'd better go up and dance."

"I think I will," said Louise. She finished her drink, nodded to Roy, ran up the stairs.

ROY ordered another drink. He drank it down hurriedly, put the glass down so hard it almost broke.

"I'm going up!" said Roy.

"If—if my dad isn't dancing with your sister, then that means there's nothing between them. No shooting then?"

"That wouldn't mean a thing to me."

"But if they're *not* together! Your sister's reputation—"

"I'll take care of her reputation," said Roy. "You go up ahead of me. But just a step, so I can keep my eyes on you. And remember what I let you look at!"

They went up the stairs. And Bud prayed under his breath. If only Louise had been able to read the words he'd scribbled on that soft napkin!

They stood in the doorway. Watched the dancers dancing to the music of Freddie Robins and his Five Rogues, looking perhaps a trifle less roguish than they'd looked at the beginning of the evening. Everything was serene, pleasant, jolly. The same scene you could find at country-club dances the country over.

Bud looked around. If only—

Bernice Ketcham was dancing with Ralph Mitchell! And his father and Joan were dancing together in the way that makes folks on the side lines say, "Isn't that just too sweet, father and daughter!" Joan looked a little flushed. She didn't catch his eye. He didn't even know if she saw him. He couldn't see Louise any place.

"There, you see!" Bud said. "You've probably imagined the whole thing."

Roy didn't answer. He probably didn't have time. For just then Mr. Patton and Mr. Grove, two of the older and more dignified members of the Country Club, stood back of him. They looked at each other and nodded. And each seized one of Roy's arms.

It was done so quietly and so quickly that only those right around Roy Ketcham in the doorway knew that anything had happened at all. The three disappeared—and no one thought any more of it, then or later. Roy Ketcham was drunk. That was all. He was always drunk. An impossible, unpleasant fellow. It was certainly no loss to Locust Gardens when, shortly after that, the Ketchams moved away.

Bud, standing there in the doorway, began to tremble. How silly of him, he thought. I'm a man, not a boy! That was it! He was a man. Even his name was wrong. Bud! He'd make every one call him Leonard after this. Leonard Morton. Not bad, really. Funny, that he should think of that now.

Louise stood next to him in the doorway.

"It's all right," she said. "They've got the gun, and Roy has gone home. No use making any trouble, they said. Just let him go." She leaned back against the doorway.

"There was a minute there," her voice was so low no one else could hear, "when we were pretty scared. I read the napkin. Told Joan. And then we were stumped! We didn't want to make too much trouble. We decided to tell Mr. Patton and Mr. Grove. And Joan danced with your father."

"You're a wonder," said Bud—Leonard from now on. "I wish I could kiss you right here. I guess we'd better dance instead. How did you know that Roy Ketcham was after father, and how—"

HE danced the dance after that with Joan.

"I was in a froth," she said. "I thought Louise had a lot of nerve, saying she wanted to see me—I was dancing with Bill Foster. So we went into the hall as if we were going to the ladies' room, and she told me. My first thought was to tell Bill—and I couldn't do it. Something about him—being too wise and in the know. I hated him suddenly! I never will care anything about him again. He didn't do anything, that's the funny part of it. It was just what I thought would be his attitude. It might not have been at all. But I saw that I'd just been a smart aleck and—and young—trailing around with him. That's over!"

Leonard pressed his sister's hand.

"You're a lamb," he said, and felt closer to her than he'd felt in years—than he'd ever felt.

"I danced with dad then," Joan went on. "And did I give him a piece of my mind! He's my father and all that, but I felt ages older. And I have an idea he won't do any more wandering for a long time."

"I hope not," said Leonard. "We mustn't let mother know."

"Of course not. No use worrying her. And, Bud, I think Louise Graham is a swell gal."

"I'm glad you think so," said Leonard, "because I hope you'll see a lot of her when she's your sister-in-law."

And they smiled at each other. And they both felt grown up and serious and wise. They'd come through a lot—together! And to both of them their parents seemed very young.

Lela Morton felt very young. She said so to her husband on the way home.

FUNNY," she said. "I was so miserable on the way to the dance. Over nothing at all! First I was worried over Joan and Bill Foster—and I don't know whether you noticed, but toward the end of the evening Joan didn't even look at him! She danced with Bud and spent the rest of her time with Ralph Mitchell—and you couldn't find a nicer boy. And I was so worried about Bud—and do you know I talked to Louise Graham and she seems to be a very nice girl—and Joan said she likes her, too. I'm going to ask her to dinner one night next week. You don't mind?"

"Of course I don't mind. She's—she's a fine girl!" said Paul Morton. His voice sounded unusually hearty, but Lela didn't notice it.

"I'm glad you like her," Lela went on. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Bud is serious. He's growing up!" Lela laughed. "I'd been sort of foolish about Red Ridgeway—nothing real, you know, but I watched Joan and Bud dancing, and it occurred to me what a fool I was to pay any attention to any one outside my own family. I didn't even dance with him the last part of the evening. Did you notice?"

"No, I didn't," said Paul.

"I'll tell you something," said Lela Morton. "I was awfully worried about—you and that Ketcham woman. I'd heard things! The first part of the evening you danced with her a lot, and I was all of a dither. That's when I danced with Red Ridgeway. I felt so miserable about everything! And then Ketcham went home and you danced with Joan and with me—and I saw how silly I was. I've got such a swell family! It was a nice dance altogether, don't you think?"

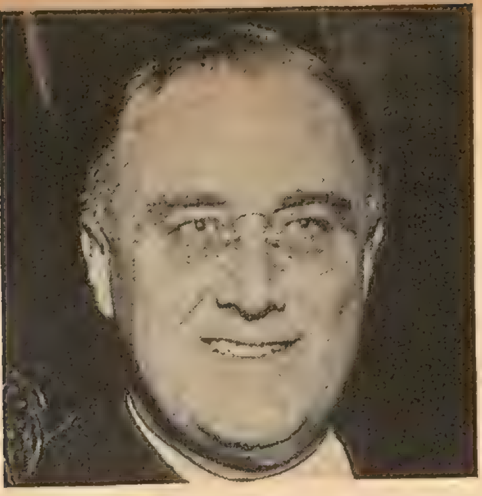
"Yes, it was," said Paul. And repeated, "Yes, it was."

"It's grand, all of us together—the children grown up and going to the same dances. And Joan dancing with you and her brother. And Louise Graham so pleasant and all. Not exciting or anything like that. But—but fun. And to think that I was so worried!" Her voice grew sleepy, as it always did on the way home.

"It just goes to show! Brings every one together—these dances at the club."

She put her head on her husband's shoulder and closed her eyes. And didn't even hear his answer.

THE END


America's head showman.

He is best of them all.

Here is a born showman.

I WAS A *Showman* TOO

The volatile ex-Mayor of New York talks of brass bands and ballyhoo

BY JAMES J. WALKER

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IT was a September day in 1931 at Cannes in the south of France. The luggage was ready. The passage was booked. Everything was arranged for the start home. A chasseur—still a bellhop to me—brought a telegram. A telegram amounting to a personal mandate from His Britannic Majesty's Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald. "Surely you are not returning home without passing through London," it said. "I would be delighted if you would lunch with me and meet the members of the Cabinet." Who could say no?

I went to luncheon with the feelings of a privileged Broadway columnist, expecting the lowdown on Gandhi, the business depression, and the collapse of the pound. I got no lowdown. With characteristic good manners, my table companions concentrated the conversation upon New York. And then the ministers returned to their portfolios—and all the headaches contained in them—and the Prime Minister and I were alone in the private office at No. 10 Downing Street.

A beautiful picture — a pastoral scene—attracted my attention, and I asked, "Is that your own, Ramsay?" He replied, "No, it belongs to Downing Street." We both walked up to the picture and looked at it more closely. I heard its story. That led to the next picture.

Another story. And so on until the very last—the only photograph in the room. It was small—autographed.

"You met him, Jimmy, did you not?" asked MacDonald, indicating the photograph.

"Yes," I answered.

"And what did you think of him?"

"I was deeply impressed," I answered. "Sound, thorough, sincere, and highly intelligent. A man who apparently knows his job, but very modest and quiet."

"That's just what I think of him," said MacDonald, "and I don't mind telling you we're going to help him."

The signature on that photograph was "Heinrich Bruening," then the Chancellor of the German Reich. A man of profound intelligence, of the highest purposes. A man who became a statesman because he was a patriot. But Bruening did not last.

Why not?

Because Bruening went about the reconstruction of postwar Germany so quietly that he might have been working in secret. There were no brass bands, no clicking of heels, no spellbinding, no ballyhoo. There was something entirely missing in his make-up. Something that the German apparently must have.

Let's look back. What did Ramsay mean when he told me he was going to help Bruening? He certainly knew what postwar Germany needed. Bruening had efficiently—if quietly—made that plain. Revision of the unfairness of the Versailles Treaty, adjustments of the intolerable burden of reparations, new trade agreements and financial aid. When MacDonald said, "We're going to help him," he could only have meant that he would help Bruening in the ways he most needed.

But MacDonald didn't have the opportunity to help Bruening. Because Bruening didn't have what it takes to hold the loyalty of the German people. He didn't understand the mass appeal of uniforms, of goose-stepping, of martial music, of propaganda, of—in a word—showmanship.

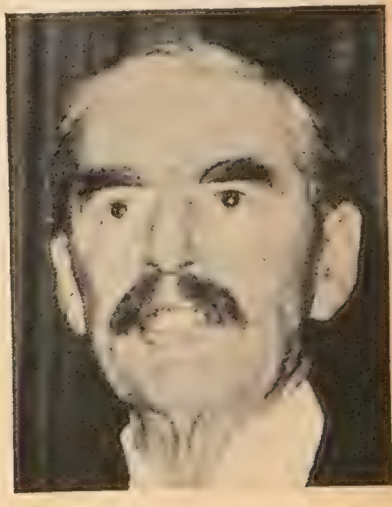
There was a man in Germany who understood those things, who was a born showman.

Adolf Hitler had all that Bruening lacked, even if he lacked almost all that Bruening had. Too often Hitler

A showman who slipped.

No shrinking violet.

A producer and a star.


His umbrella a symbol.

is described as a great gladiator, a daring, fearless warrior. What did he ever do that called for daring or physical courage? Was it daring for him to walk out on Geneva when France and England were crippled by their lack of armaments? Was it physically fearless for him to occupy the Rhineland when France had hardly completed her defensive Maginot Line, which she certainly could not move forward as an offensive machine of war? Did it take a warrior to win the peace of Munich? No. Hitler's success is almost entirely due to showmanship.

By showmanship he has kept his people in a perpetual state of being hopped up. It suited the German people. It suited them so much that they did not mind eating less and working more to produce a mighty war machine for their power-hungry leader to flaunt in front of less warlike nations. With that war machine in his possession, Hitler the showman could use his showmanship with more deadly effect—and even less physical courage—to get what he wanted from a world sick of war.

Hitler has obtained what Germany wanted by displays of force, by persecutions, and by spectacular moves on the world's stage that have brought him and Germany almost universal condemnation. Is it not ironical that Bruening might have achieved almost as much, but with the full approval of the civilized world, had he only been enough of a showman to hold his grip on the German people? Had Bruening been a politician as well as a statesman, the big nations of Europe might today be enjoying security and peace instead of participating in an armament race which has imposed terrific burdens of taxation on generations to come, and the little nations would today be looking up in hope instead of in fear of a dropping bomb.

Neville Chamberlain was always too much of a mathematician to bother about showmanship. When he was England's Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was the cold, hard, calculating business man. Everything he did was according to the best traditions of solid business.

BUT I ask myself if Chamberlain would have survived in the past few months if he had not changed, if he had not realized that even he had to be something of a showman.

Let us look at the critical days immediately preceding Munich. The English instinct to go out and whip the bully of Europe was rising. The people didn't know they could not whip him, alone. Chamberlain did know. It was no good the British lion roaring when its teeth had been pulled, until at least the new bridgework was finished. But Chamberlain had somehow to convince his people of their weakness. It was a case for showmanship, for a vivid unmistakable demonstration of the terrible possibility of air raids more devastating than London had ever known.

Why else do you think he ordered gas masks—gas masks that were, according to tests, by no means gasproof—to be distributed to all citizens? Why else do you think he ordered trenches that would have given no protection against the ammunition of a peashooter to be dug in all the parks for use as air-raid shelters? Neville Chamberlain, cold, realistic mathematician though he is, knew that the people had not time for a thinker; that they had to have action, action and more action.

Even Chamberlain's umbrella is a piece of showmanship. It is a symbol, a symbol of peace.

No country has a monopoly on showmanship. In point of time, America belongs to the kindergarten of nations, but as far as showmanship goes we have postgraduated with honors. Barnum's circus is better known throughout the world than any circus since Emperor Claudius was a lad. And politics in the United States began where Barnum left off.

Showmanship in government doesn't have to be militant, you know. Mussolini fires his people's imagination by sticking out his chin, baring his magnificent chest acres, and showing them the way to become like the Romans of old; but it is just as easy to play upon the mass emotions with softer, more insinuating tones.

Who would you say is America's head showman? Well, my choice is immediately Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The test of a showman, just like the test of a thoroughbred race horse, is the ability to run in any kind of weather on any kind of track. He has got to be game enough to come from behind, and be philosophical when the breaks are against him. He has got to be able to go uphill as well as he can coast downhill. Franklin D. Roosevelt is way out front in the American Grand National.

In spite of a water jump in the form of a flood of editorials banging away in the biggest type in the shop at the unbalanced budget, the seven or eleven million (take your choice) out of work, a national debt of astronomical proportions, and slumping business, Roosevelt rode in a winner, with every poll, including Dr. Gallup's, showing his popularity on the increase. New Deal dividends might be low but interest in the President was high.

Cabinet officers were developing fallen arches climbing platforms to speak in answer to the mountains of resolutions denouncing the New Deal adopted by various and sundry Chambers of Commerce, but Roosevelt, with showmanship in the form of a few slogans, achieved more than all of them put together. His opponents he tagged “economic royalists” or “malefactors of great wealth,” and even those who did not know what he meant knew that he meant no good for those of whom he was talking. He followed these up with more slogans —“the nine old men,” and “the horse-and-buggy era.” And yet there came a time when the Master of the Slogan was himself outsloganed, when people began to shout about “packing the court” and “dictatorship” ambitions. But the President didn't call for smelling salts. He just whispered, “Bring me a fireplace.”

The secret of the fireside approach is that it brings the people into one great big happy family. To 130,000,000 Americans Roosevelt gives the illusion that the family is gathered, after the guests have gone home, to talk over its intimate family problems. Daddy is talking. In soft fatherly tones he is telling the children a bedtime story, letting them in on the secret of what some one older and wiser than they is doing for their welfare, and reminding them all the time that the story will always have a happy ending while Daddy is still watching over them.

Who remembers unbalanced budgets, national debts, or unemployment figures after listening to a Fireside Chat? Certainly not the majority of those 130,000,000 Americans. After a Fireside Chat Franklin D. Roosevelt is no longer President of these United States. He is just a pal.

SHOWMANSHIP is a mysterious quality. It is intangible, undefinable. It is like an ear for music or a mole. You either have it or you haven't it. But you can lose showmanship. It can carry you to great heights, and then something can happen and the goblins will get you if you don't watch out. Let us take a case in point.

Nobody had a more spectacular rise in American political history than Alfred E. Smith. Was Al a showman? Well, if he wasn't, Barnum was a sharecropper.

Make no mistake about it, Al Smith's rise was not accomplished without terrific industry and tremendous mentality for government. But the goddess of showmanship helped by making him remain faithful to his homely unprivileged beginning. Even the famous brown derby was a piece of her handiwork. It appealed to the New Yorker's sentiment. But it was in political debate that the goddess served him best. Few things that Al Smith said will rattle down to posterity, but he never spoke that he did not rattle his adversaries by showmanship. What he couldn't meet with logic he met with a laugh. He was devastating to the politics, the platform, or the policies but never to the personalities of an opponent. He knew that one day he might need that fellow on his side, and it was always good showmanship not to make a personal enemy.

The time came for Smith to differ with his party, even as Ramsay MacDonald. You will remember that when MacDonald broke with England's Labor Party he proved a good showman when he said, “I leave my party for my country.” Al Smith didn't make such a graceful exit.

Oh, goddess of showmanship, was it fickleness or just a loss of your cunning that led you to make him change the blue serge suit for white tie and tails, the brown derby for a top hat, the square-toed brogues in which he'd climbed from the sidewalks of New York to the dizzy heights for a pair of pumps? You made him change his clothes, and you should have known that it takes a darn good acrobat to do that at the top of the ladder.

You ordained that he should take the Pullman to Washington for the most important moment in his life, to split with his party, when you knew that the well known five-cent fare could have gotten him to the best arena in all the world for Al Smith: right on the sidewalks of New York.

But instead, he went to the swank Mayflower Hotel in Washington. For his forum he chose the Liberty League. For his audience the Du Ponts, and Winthrop Aldrich, and Ernest Weir, and many others he had never met on the way up the ladder. But it was to the old "neighbors' children" that he might better have explained why he had to break with the party that was willing to go broke for him. The song is ended but the blue note lingers on. The speech was good or bad, depending upon viewpoint. But, good or bad, the words are forgotten but the viewpoint remains.

It's not so much what he said as where and how he said it, and so he left his political chin wide open for the wag who said, "Al's gone cellophane," and his batting average in the League of Public Opinion dropped from the head of the list to way down below the middle. The distance between cheers and jeers can easily be covered by a bad bit of showmanship.

There is another chapeau showman in New York. But how different the history of Fiorello LaGuardia!

LaGuardia is the keenest political mind that has been operating in this town in many a long day. Yet, in spite of a terrific energy and a mind that gives him a deep grasp of all municipal problems, and in spite of the fact that he has established in the public mind a reputation for honesty in public office and a sincere solicitude for the common people—in spite of those things, LaGuardia cannot resist doing things as a top-flight showman would do them.

HE, too, has a hat. And what a hat! Forty gallons of it, and imperial gallons at that. He has a comb and brush, like every other man. But he's different; he's not going to wear his out. His rivals talk English—good, bad, or indifferent—to the people of the city, but Fiorello is the combination cosmopolite of this most cosmopolitan city. In the ghettos he talks Yiddish, not because he wants to keep what he says secret but because that's the best way to be one of them. In Little Italy he talks Italian because again that makes him one of the boys. When he tells off the Germans, he can tell them off in their own language. Even when he speaks English he speaks two kinds of English which he suits to his audience—the king's English or just English.

He made a speech the other day to the graduating class of rookie policemen. It was right after the Hines conviction, and the story was topping page one of every newspaper. "Now," he said, "you won't have to take your hat off to any lousy politician any more." That was, of course, insinuating Tammany. And that was in 1939. In 1933 LaGuardia had mortally wounded the Tammany Tiger. In 1937 he had killed the Tammany Tiger, he will tell you. But could he let the corpse alone? No. In 1939 he had to keep the Tammany Tiger stuffed so that—as a perfect showman—he could still do his political big-game hunting to impress the people, needlessly enough, that he was always a straight shooter.

The debonair "Jimmy" Walker, New York City's former mayor, is credited with having put on a pretty good show himself.

Fiorello means Little Flower. This little flower is no shrinking violet.

In a list of American showmen the name of Jim Farley must necessarily appear. But Farley has been a different sort of showman, a producer instead of a star. Farley was the showman who set the stage for Roosevelt to become candidate for President, to be re-elected President. But Farley isn't a one-track showman.

Are the hints and indications that everything isn't kosher in the Democratic Party correct? Has Farley lost interest, lost his punch? Certainly Farley has moved more into the background in the last year than in the five years preceding. But in my opinion he hasn't lost his punch. He's just found a new one. He used to throw long right-hand oratorical swings. Now he is using a literary uppercut.

His speeches have been few and far between lately. But his letters have been uncountable. After the last election he wrote a letter to every one in the United States who had been elected to office—senators, congressmen, assemblymen, mayors, supervisors, dogcatchers — a letter congratulating them on their elections. And as an extra piece of showmanship every letter was signed, "Jim," in green ink. Farley, perhaps, is getting ready now to star in one of his own productions for a change, and he is setting the stage as a postmaster should know how. A lot of speeches will be forgotten in the days to come, but Farley's letters will be remembered, maybe in 1940, when it is most important—to him—that they should be remembered.

Must every showman succeed in public life? I may be asked. Of course not. It's an asset but not a guaranty. Take the little man who was probably the best showman of them all. You know him as the Duke of Windsor now. But you used to know him as the Prince of Wales, the British Empire's salesman. He was royal, but showmanship made him democratic. He was popular wherever he went, and so when he visited the Americas, North and South, or Australia, he got more orders for the factories of England without asking than a whole army of traveling salesmen.

But you can't be a showman without a stage, and they took the stage away from him. Perhaps it was because he wanted to go on being a showman instead of becoming a marionette. But even at his farewell performance the great showman did his stuff at his best. That famous "At long last," broadcast to the world, was probably the greatest individual piece of showmanship that we have ever seen. And yet, was that his tops? Who knows? Today, if he were entered in the European free-for-all Showmanship stakes, there are those who would lay their last dollar on Windsor to run rings around Hitler and Mussolini.

I do not maintain that success must always follow showmanship or that showmanship must necessarily accompany success. But if the G. O. P., for instance, doesn't produce a showman pretty soon, all their complaints will be heard in Maine and Vermont.

WHO are you to tell us about showmanship? some one may ask. Well, I learned about showmanship from a fellow who was mayor of New York City from 1926 to 1932. I was in his confidence, and he was given credit for putting on a pretty good show himself. In his cast were Queen Marie, Lindbergh, Admiral Byrd, the King of Siam, the Prime Minister of England, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and a host of others.

He told me that when he, as mayor of New York City, laid a cornerstone, he didn't do it to make the building more secure. He told me that when he broke ground for the construction of the Triborough Bridge, it wasn't because there was a shortage of labor. It was because he knew that all the world likes a show, and that people are so busy with their own troubles that, unless the fellow in public life shows them in a spectacular way what he is doing, they will not know he is doing it.

In other words, the fellow who isn't a showman in public life will remain a secret.

THE END

Hearts IN DANGER

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BILL LOWELL, a newspaperman on a holiday, and Mary Moore, a girl pilot, crossing the Gulf Stream in Bill's yawl, the Black Hawk, consent to guide Stanford Loors in his cruiser to Loors' isolated island, Angelfish Cay. Loors, who knows little about running a boat, has called on them for help. He tells Bill that his skipper, Captain Archer, has fallen overboard while drunk. Bill doesn't believe it, and neither does Mary, who says Loors, a one-time gambler who now entertains mysterious friends on his island, is a rat. She is sure he pushed Archer over the side.

Bill's suspicions are further roused when Loors' blonde mistress, Mimi, and Helen Fremont, another girl on the cruiser, warn him not to go to Angelfish Cay. Helen also tells him that the boat carries a secret passenger. Determined to fathom these mysteries, Bill accepts Loors' invitation to visit the island.

Mary and Bill are taken ashore at Angelfish Cay on a launch manned by two armed thugs. And inside Loors' handsome lodge Bill gets a second shock. Around a table are five men playing poker, and all five are fugitives from the law! Bill does not betray his recognition. Neither does he show, later on, how eager he is to call his newspaper on Loors' ship-to-shore telephone, although his host, obviously hoping to trap him, shows him how it works.

The guests at Angelfish Cay are introduced by Loors as Frank Simmons, Ted Lee, Jack Howe, Tommy Gleason, Fred Deering, and Jerome White. Bill, however, knows that they are, respectively: Phil Gerrish, the Boy Wizard, who defrauded investors; Joe Berger, numbers racketeer; Shorty Dolan, gambler and cop-killer; M. Manford Yates, crooked utilities tycoon; Leroy Ballinger, a grafting judge; and Frank V. Lorrimer, a dishonest attorney.

While Lorrimer tries to find out what Bill's job is, with no success, Gerrish makes love to Mary. He becomes so annoying that she is afraid of him and insists on sharing Bill's room that night. She and Bill talk the situation over and agree that they are in a bad spot. Bill is conscience-stricken; he realizes suddenly that he loves Mary, and that he is responsible for risking both their lives.

PART FIVE—MILLION-DOLLAR SANCTUARY

I WOKE up with the sun, hours above the horizon, streaming into my face. I blinked a minute, rolled lazily on to my back, said, "Mary. Are you awake?" There was no answer, no sound from the other bed. I sat up in a panic of apprehension.

Mary Moore was gone. The chair I had put under the knob of the hall door had been set aside. The bathroom door was slightly ajar. I called sharply:

"Mary! Are you in there?"

No answer but the rustle and moan of wind through the palms and the muffled rumble of surf not far away. As I leaped out of bed I found myself thinking, with the half of my mind that wasn't worrying about Mary Moore:

The wind has freshened. If we get a chance to scram out of here, will it help us? Or will it hold us back? And what was it Mimi said about hurricanes in November?

I leaped into the bathroom for my clothes—and breathed a sigh of heartfelt relief. The bath mat, which I had carelessly left on the floor, was hanging neatly over the edge of the tub. The wet towel which I had tossed on a chair was on a rack. And there was a fine dust of face powder on the dressing table.

Mary had awakened, bathed, gone out. I thought inanely, because I am not a murderous person, *I may not have to kill Phil Gerrish-Simmons, after all.*

I found a razor in the dressing table, shaved, dressed, and felt pretty good—until I recalled that I still had no story to tell Loors and Lorrimer-White.

Who was I? Where had I worked in the advertising business? What kind of a yarn could I cook up that couldn't be checked by that ship-to-shore telephone?

I strolled over to a window, trying to get my brain working, trying not to think too much about Mary Moore. What was it I'd told her last night? That I loved her, of course.

O. K., sap. How do you feel about it now in the bright light of morning?

I feel the same. I love her.

Still nuts, huh?

Still nuts.

The sun told me it was about eight in the morning. I could see the Angelfish, the Black Hawk, and the fishing cruisers riding serenely at their moorings.

At the boathouse Loors' two gorillas were lounging in the runabout in which they had brought us ashore. Several Negroes were working in the gardens, pruning palms, raking leaves, spading round the flamboyant tropical shrubs. From the big lodge itself came not a sound.

I was about to turn from the window when I heard a hail, barely audible above the noise of the wind: "Hi, skipper! Wait for baby!"

Mary Moore was waving to me from the cockpit of the Black Hawk. She had changed into the blue slacks and halter she had worn when we left Palm Beach, and even at that distance she looked pretty nice.

I waved back, and as I left the window she was hailing the two boatmen and they were lazily stirring themselves. I went out into the hall and closed the bedroom door silently. The lodge had that morning-after smell of stale tobacco smoke, stale food, and stale liquor that you always associate with a house where every one is sleeping off the effects of a large night. I had the definite feeling that Mary and I were the only persons in the whole place who were out of bed.

I walked down the hallway, which was deeply carpeted, and turned right on to the balcony above the lounge. My nerves now were taut as a weather backstay. I was trying so hard to be quiet that I barely breathed.

If Loors was really asleep—and had left that ship-to-shore telephone unguarded— *Boy, hold me back!*

I stepped cautiously to the balcony rail and peered down on to the main floor of the big lounge. The rugs were rolled back and a fat barefooted Negress was lazily swirling a dust mop over the polished floor. There was no one else in sight.

I cast a quick glance at the door of Loors' study. It was closed. So were the other doors opening on the balcony.

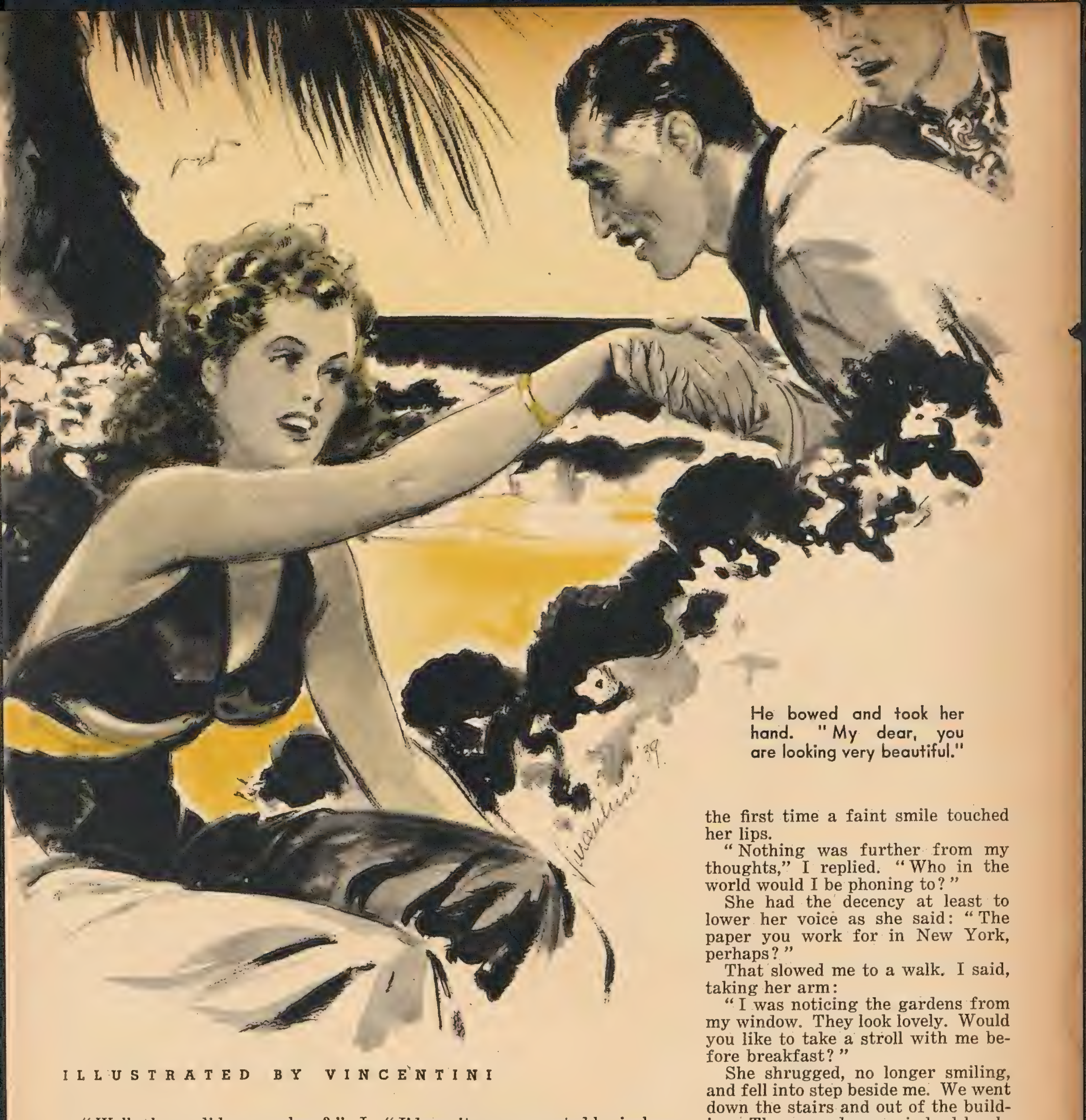
Who was sleeping behind them? If I tried to make the play, would some one hear me?

I stepped back from the balcony rail, so the Negress wouldn't spot me, and tried to make up my mind. Helen Fremont made it up for me by coming out of the left-hand hallway.

"Oh, h-h-hello!" I stuttered, trying to look as bright and innocent as the Barefoot Boy, and probably looking as guilty as an honest witness in the hands of a hostile attorney.

"Hello," she said coolly. Her dark eyes with their amazingly long lashes were neutral as they met mine. Her lovely full lips were unsmiling.

Fugitives from law, a newspaperman whose death they plan, three women, all isol



He bowed and took her hand. "My dear, you are looking very beautiful."

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

"Well, how did you sleep?" I asked, still attempting to be brightly innocent, cheerful.

"Alone, thank you." Her voice was as cold as the inside of an ice plant.

I stopped smiling, stopped trying to look innocent and cheerful. "You ought to smile when you say that, because—"

"It's too early in the morning to smile."

"Because that crack was vicious and unfair. And if I was a fool about women"—which I probably am—"I'd say it was prompted by jealousy. Now how do you like that?"

"I love it."

"Well, I aim to please. Where's Loors?"

She nodded toward the door of his study. "Mr. Loors is putting in some calls to Washington."

That startled me, and warmed my heart a little—because if I had walked in on Loors I'd have been sunk then and there with all hands.

"Were you planning to use the telephone?" Helen asked—and for the first time a faint smile touched her lips.

"Nothing was further from my thoughts," I replied. "Who in the world would I be phoning to?"

She had the decency at least to lower her voice as she said: "The paper you work for in New York, perhaps?"

That slowed me to a walk. I said, taking her arm:

"I was noticing the gardens from my window. They look lovely. Would you like to take a stroll with me before breakfast?"

She shrugged, no longer smiling, and fell into step beside me. We went down the stairs and out of the building. The grounds were indeed lovely on the bright morning, but I hardly saw them as Helen started down a path which led around the easterly wing of the lodge.

"Not this way," I said crisply. "You'll be walking me right under Loors' window—if he's really in his study."

"Oh, he's there, all right. I wasn't lying to you."

"This time."

"Nor any other time."

"Perhaps you're right. Your

n a tropic isle . . . the story sweeps on **BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS** friend Loors may be a paragon of virtue, as you've insisted on several occasions. I have other ideas, but we'll pass that for a minute."

We turned the other way, and when we were a hundred feet or so from the house we came upon a rustic bench, hidden from the lodge by a great clump of bright red bougainvillaea.

"We'll sit down," I said.

She sat down beside me without a word.

I turned and watched her for a moment. She was looking up at some small chattering birds in a palm tree, and the sheer perfection of her profile was startling: the gentle line of her forehead, the fine straight sensitive nose, the sweet lips, the cleanly sweeping curves of her chin and throat.

She must have known she made a breathtakingly lovely picture, and I wondered if that was the reason she was holding her head back, watching the birds. Then I noticed that her hands, clasped in her lap, were working nervously. And I was sure she wasn't thinking of how she looked.

I said, "You've had a little time to think since we got in. Why did Loors signal for help when he saw the Black Hawk's lights the other night in the Gulf Stream?"

PLAINLY she had been expecting questions from another angle. "Why, don't you know? He lost his nerve. He thought he could take us across the Stream and hit West End, and then it got so rough, and he got seasick and frightened and—"

"Then Captain Archer was never at any time drunk and seasick in his bunk. Loors had killed him *before* he sighted our lights."

She caught her lower lip for an instant between very white small square teeth. Then she said softly: "I think he had."

"What was his motive, Helen?"

"I don't know."

"Suppose we make a guess. Captain Archer finally realized that these men Loors had been entertaining are not really friends at all. They are people who are in a jam in the States and are paying a price, and a heavy price, for sanctuary until the heat is off. Or until, one by one, they can take the underground railroad to South America. Might not Captain Archer, if he tumbled, have tried a little blackmail?"

"He might," Helen admitted.

"I think he did. And Loors handled the situation in his own way. How much are these men paying for sanctuary, Helen?"

"One thousand a week," she said, and added in a voice which, at the time, seemed unaccountably bitter: "Plus what they lose gambling."

"And that probably runs into plenty. A reckless gang like that could drop plenty of dough to a smart gambler." I paused an instant; then added, watching her: "A crooked gambler."

I thought, though I couldn't be sure, that she winced when I said "crooked."

"Let's see," I went on. "Suppose he averages eight guests. That's eight thousand a week. Suppose they drop another twelve Gs, which would seem low for the easy-come-easy-go type. That's twenty grand a week."

The simple computation set me back on my heels. I said in awe, "A million bucks a year."

"His expenses are high."

"I suppose he has an agent in the States to line up big-time crooks who would like to disappear and can't—in the U. S."

"He has several. But only one who knows the set-up."

"And an agent in South America?"

Again I thought she winced. "In Buenos Aires."

"But, heavens above and below! A hundred grand a year would take care of the nut. Subtract that from a millions bucks and what do you have? A gold mine! Just a lousy gold mine!"

I sat there beside her, breathing a little fast, fascinated by the figures. I'd realized the thing was big, *must* be big, but it hadn't dawned on me until this minute how staggeringly big it was. And how perfect the set-up.

This isolated cay in a section of the Bahamas that doesn't see three visiting American yachts in a year's time. Loors' reputation from rum-running days as a wealthy man. The fishing lodge to entertain his "friends." The employment, except for Archer and the two gorillas, of only Bahamians from the surrounding isolated cays, most of whom haven't even heard of Al Capone, much less Judge Leroy Ballinger and the Boy Wizard of Cambridge.

WHY, the set-up was beautiful! And it would have stayed beautiful—if Loors hadn't lost his head, if he hadn't got scared, if the boat he'd chosen to signal hadn't been owned by a nitwit newspaperman who liked to visit out-of-the-way places.

"How do you know I work on a New York newspaper?" I asked. "Did you guess, or did Loors tell you?"

"Loors doesn't know—yet."

"How did you?"

"Well, you look like a newspaperman, you act like one, and your mind works like one. You see, I have a brother who was on the Washington Post for years."

"And?"

She looked around at me. Her smile, if a little bitter, was enigmatical. "And you definitely never worked for Harcourt and Melvin."

"Then that Tommy Dresbach you mentioned when I first talked to you was a real person?"

"Very real. I was engaged to him when he was killed—while he was driving a blonde to Great Neck at four in the morning."

"And?"

"That's all," she said. "There isn't any more."

"Who's the party you had under cover coming over on the Angelfish?" I asked.

"Have you recognized the others?"

"Every last one of them."

"Then you'll know this one, even after he gets his hair and mustache dyed. You'll meet him later in the day—perhaps."

"You mean—if I don't meet my Waterloo first."

"Something like that. How did you tumble, Bill, to what goes on here?"

"How could I miss, once I was aboard the Angelfish? If you'll pardon the pun, the whole set-up aboard that ship smelled of fish. Naturally I got to thinking. And having followed the work of the F. B. I. pretty closely last year, I tumbled. No one thinks much about it, but in recent months an unusual number of important crooks have taken powders. Two or three have escaped from jail. Several have skipped while juries have been indicting them. Several more have jumped bail while awaiting trial, or sentence, or appeal.

NOW, there's one thing all these men had in common. They had plenty of ready cash, or bonds easily convertible. And the majority of them were traced to the Miami-Palm Beach area before their trails were lost. Of course that pointed to Cuba, and the F. B. I. got the idea, naturally, that there was a well organized underground to Havana—because Havana is only a day by boat and a few hours by plane from Miami. And if you read a certain newspaper column called the Washington Carousel, you know that the Department of Justice and the government of Cuba, with the Department of State trying to prevent open hostilities, have been calling each other some very nasty names in the last few months."

She didn't seem to be listening, because she said abruptly, again watching the noisy birds in the palm tree: "If you're planning to use that ship-to-shore telephone—don't!"

"Why not?"

"Because if you turn it on a buzzer will sound in three different parts of the house. And Loors will go to a secret extension he has and listen to everything you say. You see, the telephone is at the disposal of his so-called guests at any time—but, naturally, there isn't one of them he trusts."

"Nice of you to warn me, Helen. May I ask why you've told me all these things, when you know that as soon as I get away from here I'm going to break the whole story?"

"When—and *if*—you get away," she said dully.

"And Mimi," I rushed on. "Why did she warn me off the cruiser that first night?"

"Because she liked your looks."

"That's sappy, but admit it for the moment. Was she afraid I was sticking my neck out?"

"No; she was afraid she'd fall in love with you. Mr. Loors is very jealous. And if he suspected anything between *(Continued on page 24)*

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(Continued from page 22) you and Mimi there would be hell to pay, and nobody but Loors with any money."

"She was protecting herself—*from* herself. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"It's incredible," I declared flatly.

"Isn't the whole situation incredible?" she countered. "And wasn't the Coster-Musica affair incredible?"

"Yes, and the Helmae gold mine. What a racket he's built up! And what a story, what a story! When this thing hits page one of the Star—"

"It's the Star, is it?"

"I'll have them send you a marked copy. Where'll they send it?"

She stared at the ground. "My address for some time has been—and I trust will continue to be—Angelfish Cay, Bahama Islands."

I took her two hands in mine, quieted her nervous fingers. "My dear, once I'm away from here your address can't continue to be Angelfish Cay."

"That," she said quietly, "is in the laps of the gods."

"But you haven't told me why you're here."

She looked up at me. Appeal, bewilderment, even bitterness were written in her misty dark eyes.

"That's only half of it, darling," she said quietly.

"And you don't want to shove off with me on the Black Hawk—when and if?"

"I don't believe I'd be welcome on the Black Hawk."

"That's nonsense. Mary Moore—" I broke off, realizing too late that I had nothing to say to Helen Fremont about Mary Moore. "Damn it, Helen, it makes me sick every time I think of a girl like you mixed up with this pack of rats."

"It makes me sick, too—so I don't think of it."

"But how—why— Won't you chuck it, Helen?"

"You're sweet, Bill," she said softly, and put her arm around my shoulder in a gesture that seemed, to me at least, to be only one of affectionate friendliness. "You're sweet to want to get me out of this mess. But I honestly can't—I can't—"

HER voice choked up and all at once she was crying. I put my arm around her and tried to reassure her, thinking all the time:

Suppose Stanford Loors sees us now! Suppose Mary Moore sees us now!

And just at that moment Mary Moore *did* see us. She came down the path, around the bougainvillaea bush, and stopped dead in front of us. She stared a moment, her blue eyes flashing. Then she put her clenched fists on her hips, cocked her little head to one side, and said very quietly:

"You don't belong in a jernt like this, Miss Fremont. Whyn't you come with us when we take it on the lam?"

Expecting anything but this, I almost fell off the bench. Too amazed to show any tact, I said the first thing that came into my head:

"You've been eavesdropping, Mary!"

She took it like the lady she was, saying calmly: "You don't mean that, mister. You know me pretty well by now. And you know I don't eavesdrop."

"I'm sorry, babe," I said hastily. "I just can't get used to your amazing facility at divining people's minds."

"Them're a lot of four-bit words, skipper. When do we eat?"

Helen Fremont stood up. "I'll go back to the lodge and order breakfast for us." She looked hard at Mary, said steadily: "Miss Moore, you're a thoroughbred if I ever saw one."

Then she walked up the path. Mary sat down beside me. Her voice was vaguely resentful as she asked with a laugh: "You think that was a compliment, mister?"

"I think it was, Mary."

"I dunno. If you know horse racing, you've seen many a thoroughbred lay down in the homestretch like a dirty dog. Why'd you wanna make her cry?"

"I didn't make her cry, Mary."

"No? Well, for a guy with a mug like yours, you're certainly raising a rumpus with a lot of women."

"Stop it!" I snapped angrily. "I'm not raising a rumpus with anybody!"

"Then what do you call what you're doing to me? Telling me one minute you're in love with me; talkin' about marrying me. And the next minute I find you out here under a palm makin' love to somebody else."

SHE put her hand on my sleeve and slumped a little on the bench, all the cockiness out of her manner, all the hardness out of her voice as she said:

"Honey, I'm not whinin' for sympathy. I'm just telling you. Last night I cried myself to sleep."

"Then you did a fast job of it," I said, still nettled. "Because you were sound asleep when I came out of the bathroom."

"Was I? Didn't you tiptoe over and put a chair under the doorknob?"

"You found that this morning, of course."

"And then didn't you tiptoe over to the window and stand looking out for a while?"

"All right; you weren't asleep, then. And I sure must have looked romantic," I said bitterly, "standing there in a pair of baggy shorts, staring at Jupiter and muttering in my beard."

"Jupiter!" Her voice changed, hardened. "Did you see that star again?"

"Yes. It broke through the clouds."

She sat for a while in silence. She was staring straight ahead, but I knew she wasn't seeing anything. At last she said in a dead and level voice:

"Just on a hunch, I tried to start the motor when I went out to the Black Hawk. It won't start."

"Maybe you haven't the knack. It's old and tricky."

"Listen, honey. The older and trickier they are, the better I like 'em. I looked it over. I couldn't see anything wrong with it. It's getting juice at the distributor points and it's getting gas. Now you tell me."

"All right, I'll tell you," I said, sighing. "Those two mugs on the runabout gummed it up for us."

"Cinch. So what? So we're aces back to back. Why? Because we'll get it running again and they won't know it. They'll think we're stuck here, with a head wind like this, and they won't watch us so close. Then tonight, before the moon comes up, we're on our way. How's about it, honey?"

"But if they've wrecked the motor, what makes you think you—"

"They didn't *wreck* it, honey. They just crossed some wires, or took some tiny little part—"

"But suppose we haven't got a spare for the part they took?"

"We'll *make* one."

That's the way she was. You just couldn't stop her.

WHAT were you doing out there, in the first place?" I asked. "You gave me a scare when I woke up and found you gone."

"I went out to change my clothes," she retorted. "Did you think I was going to wear that dress around all day? With two snappy dressers like Mimi and Helen in the jernt? Nuts! I gotta little pride."

"You look very lovely this morning," I said halfheartedly.

"So does Miss Fremont. And how's the blonde look? Terrible, I bet. A blonde with a hangover is an awful sight. Look. Have you made her cry yet?"

"Oh, shut up," I ordered without any spirit.

"All right, skip the blonde. But I'll bet the blonde isn't skipping you. But anyway. Look, honey. Have you got those answers? The membership committee of the club is going to buzz you this morning and you wouldn't want to be blackballed, would you?"

"You're just bubbling over with questions, aren't you?"

"Want some more?" she asked brightly.

"No."

"Well, you're going to get one, and like it, big boy. What goes on around here? Haven't I got a right to know?"

She had indeed, and I told her as briefly as I could.

She whistled softly in amazement. "Holy cat! A million bucks a year!"

"Maybe more, depending on how much these crooks drop at poker."

She whistled again, very softly, and then sat staring at the bougainvillaea. All the laughter, the good-natured raillery, had gone out of her blue eyes. She looked, I thought, rather frightened and thoroughly sunk. She asked finally in a small voice:

"Look, honey. Are you angling to have Loors cut you in for a piece of the take?"

"My *(Continued on page 26)*

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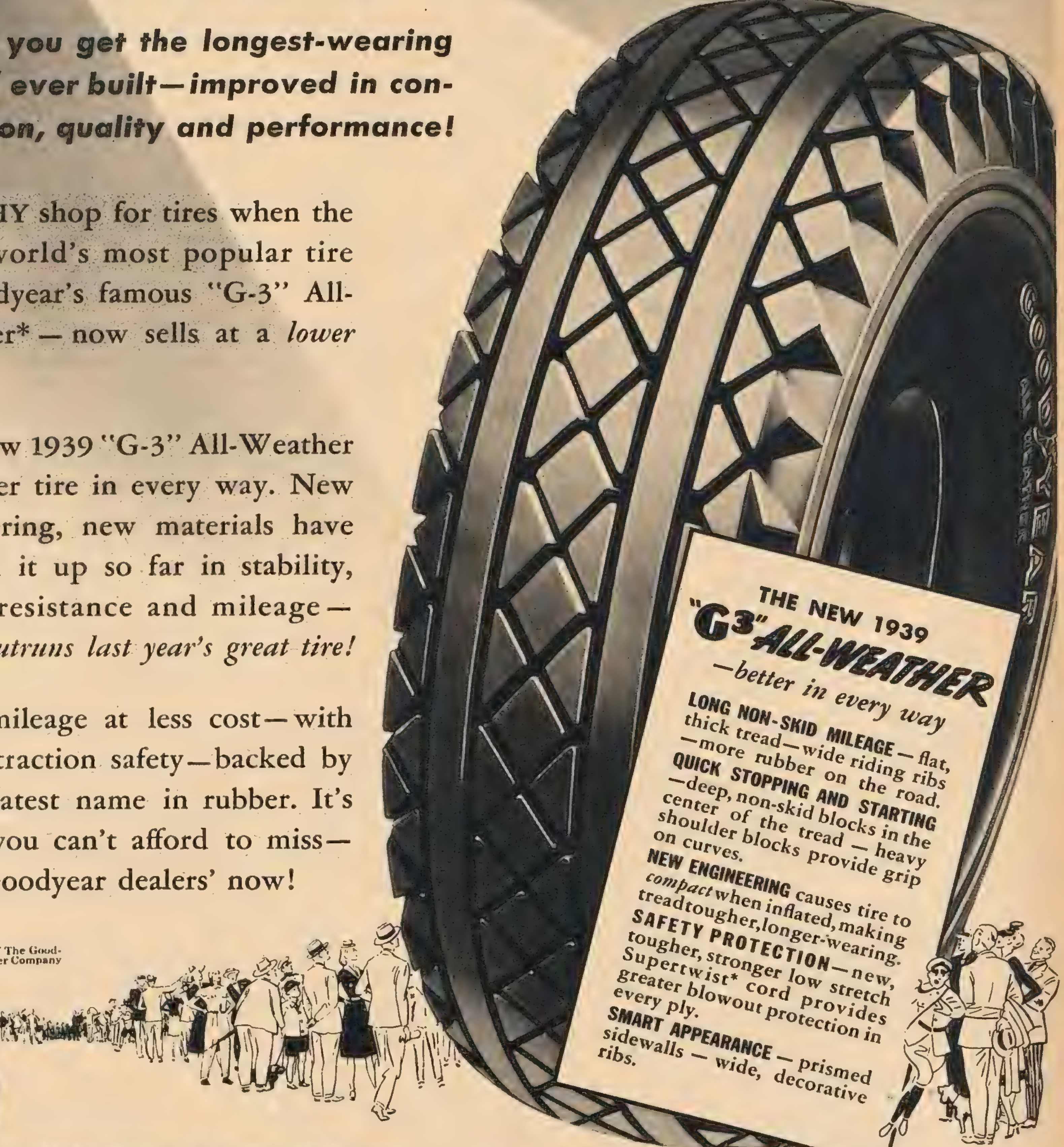

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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

(Continued from page 24)

dear child, I'm angling to turn the whole outfit in to the F. B. I. Most of these crooks are wanted by the federal government."

"Oh." She seemed to brighten a little. "For the rewards, maybe?"

"No, not for the rewards. I don't even know that there are any rewards. I'm a newspaperman and I hope to break the best story of the year and win the Pulitzer prize. But you wouldn't know about that."

"You'd be surprised, my innocent cherub, at the things I know. They give one of those prizes for the best play of the year, and the best novel, and—"

That was too much. I took her in my arms and kissed her soundly.

"You adorable little kid!" I grinned.

She grinned back. "You're no slouch yourself, you big lunk, even if you did have me worried for a while."

"Worried?"

"I thought you were cutting yourself in for a piece of this racket. And it was makin' me kinda sick to think you were a crook just like everybody else."

I laughed. "And this from a little maid who used to be in the bootlegging game."

"I was only a kid then, honey. I'm grown up now. And I've learned that honesty is the best policy—if you have it in writing. Have you got those answers?"

"No."

"Are you going to get them?"

"I hope so."

"When?"

BREAKFAST, my friends," said Stanford Loors, stepping around the clump of bougainvillaea. His eyes were sharp and cold, like black agates in his dead-white face. His smile was enigmatic; I couldn't tell whether he had heard all of our conversation or none of it.

He stepped up to Mary Moore, bowed and took her hand. His courtliness was as convincing as a second-rate movie actor playing a French count. "My dear, you are looking very beautiful this morning."

Mary grinned fatuously and tittered. "That's what the boy friend's been tellin' me."

Loors looked at me, smiled in that way he had which was so lacking in either humor or friendliness. "I'm sorry about the wind," he said.

"The wind? Why, what's wrong with the wind?"—as though I didn't know.

"Why, it's blowing so hard I can't take you fishing. And the Weather Bureau says it is going to blow harder. There's a tropical disturbance somewhere off Cuba."

"Tropical disturbance!" Mary exclaimed. "That's Weather Bureau language for hurricane."

"Is it?" Loors replied blandly. "Well, I don't believe we have cause for alarm. The lodge here—"

As we walked to the house and in to breakfast he told me the weight of the lodge's concrete foundations; the size of the studding and joists, the beams and rafters; the number of tons of steel that were used in tying the whole structure together.

And I realized that Stanford Loors was a man of vision, that he had been planning this racket for a long time, that he had invested a good deal of money in his layout. Now, with his gold mine in operation and the money rolling in in bales, he was sitting on top of the world.

Was he going to let an inquisitive sprout like me kill the goose that was laying all that money? Was he going to let me send all his affluent friends back to the States in irons? Was he going to let me, perhaps, hook him on a charge of murder on the high seas?

Not, certainly, if he could help it. And could he help it? Ask those two gorillas. Ask Shorty Dolan, who had killed a couple of cops and faced life on the Rock. Ask the Boy Wizard of Cambridge.

O. K., smart guy! You stuck your neck out. You're in the jam of a lifetime. Let's see you get out of it. Just try to get out of it. What are those answers?

AS we went into the lodge Loors was saying: "According to the architect's calculations, this building will stand up under a wind of a hundred and eighty miles an hour. So, old man"—he slapped me on the back—"I guess we don't have to worry about *hurricanes.*"

The accent on the word was so definitely ominous it made me shiver.

There were six of us at breakfast: Helen, Loors, Mary, and myself; Mimi, looking like something the sea had washed up; Phil Gerrish-Simmons, in even a more surly mood than that in which we had left him the night before.

The poker game, Loors explained, had gone on until after daylight and the players were sleeping late. He added, watching me with that sardonic smile on his lips:

"When the wind came up"—how he loved to harp on that wind—"my friends knew there would be no fishing today, so they kept on with their game. I'm very much disappointed I can't take you out, but this may blow over by tomorrow and we'll try our luck then. In the meantime I'll try to keep you amused."

You'll keep me amused, all right, I thought bitterly.

"You play contract?" he asked.

I nodded, thinking that ham and eggs were never so tasteless, wondering if a condemned man ever enjoys his last chicken dinner.

"Contract at a buck a point, Mr. Lowell?" Mimi asked.

"Well, hardly," I said. "A cent is more my style."

"The stakes are unimportant," Loors remarked, shrugging. "We really only play for the fun of the game."

"Is it fun to lose ten thousand bucks in an evening?" Mimi asked irascibly.

Loors chuckled. "I warned you not to sit into that game, Mimi." He turned to me and said: "Most of my friends are so disgustingly wealthy that a few thousands mean nothing to them."

The Boy Wizard's knife and fork rattled down on his plate. "Bridge!" he snorted. "Poker! Craps! Fish! And then fish! Craps! Poker! Bridge! Damn it, I'm sick of them." He ogled Mary Moore across the table. "Look, toots! *Five* thousand?"

Inaction and lack of feminine company, I decided happily, were driving Mr. Gerrish-Simmons noisily crazy.

Mary said coolly: "Keep that proposition open, will you, pal?"

Mimi snapped: "Stan told me all about last night. Frank, if you don't keep your filthy mind off that girl, I'll see you're thrown to the vultures."

"Oh, yes?" he sneered. "And then what'll happen to the rest of your fine friends?"

"Frank! That's enough!" Loors' voice lashed like a whip.

"Did you hear the last weather report?" Helen Fremont asked the table at large. "It looks as though a hurricane is headed this way. It will be the fourth this year."

"They've all missed us by miles," Loors deprecated. "Besides, suppose the center passes right over us. I was just telling Mr. Lowell—"

He went over all the details he had pointed out to me a few minutes before. I knew he was making conversation, bridging a gap. He seemed to be waiting, and waiting nervously. I didn't listen to him. I thought:

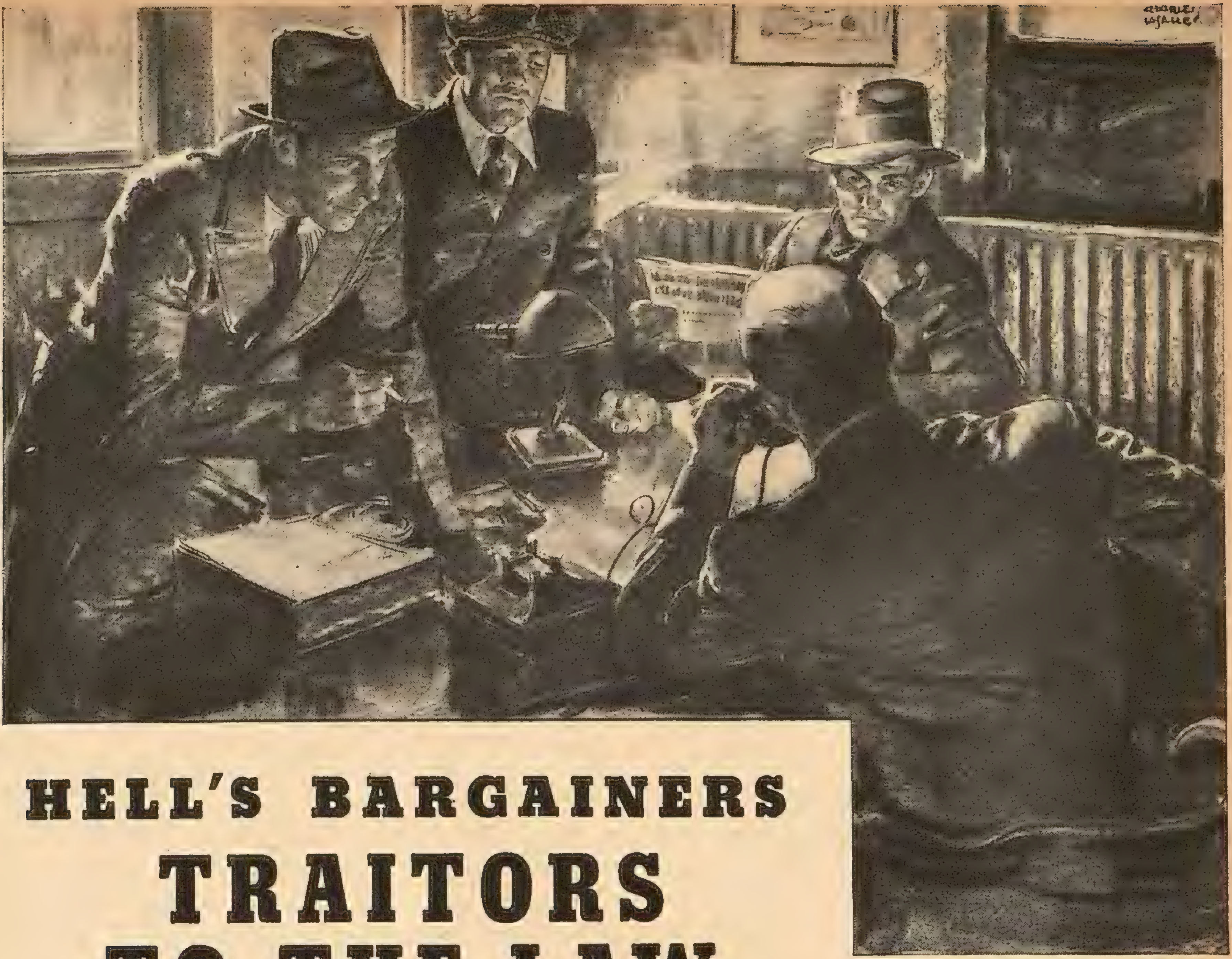
A hurricane will be the last straw. This lodge might stand up under it, but how about the Black Hawk? She'd be swept ashore and smashed to pieces. And then how will Mary and I get away from here before it's too late?

WHETHER or not I had allayed Loors' suspicions I did not know. But one thing I did know beyond all doubt: Two or three days of this and I'd be bound to slip up, bound to betray what I knew. And then what? Well, what happened to Captain Archer?

And all at once I understood something that had been bothering me. The first time Loors mentioned the tropical disturbance he had seemed smugly pleased. And now that he talked of it again he seemed actually to be hoping it would strike Angelfish Cay. I knew why.

If a hurricane swept over the Bahamas, no one would ever attempt to investigate the disappearance of the Black Hawk and her crew. Even the weather was playing into Stanford Loors' hands.

Will Loors trap Bill into giving himself away? Can Bill and Mary carry out their plan to escape? Excitement runs high in the next chapter, as new hazards threaten and new fears grip two adventurous hearts.



Soon Attorney X is making telephone calls. One by one, three men drift into his office in response to them.

HELL'S BARGAINERS

TRAITORS TO THE LAW

The famous criminal lawyer continues his exposé of the methods of lawyer-criminals

BY SAMUEL S. LEIBOWITZ

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Mr. Leibowitz last week pointed out the enormous differences between the legitimate criminal lawyer and the lawyer-criminal, described and illustrated grave results of the public's failure to distinguish between them. "It is time," he said, "for our bar associations to clean house. The lawyer-criminal could be smoked out of every large city in this country tomorrow."

As a perfect example of lawyer-criminal, he cited Dixie Davis, who told his own sordid story on the stand, under oath, at the trials of James J. Hines. Davis was the legal "mouthpiece" for Dutch Schultz' policy or numbers racket and, after Schultz was murdered, became the head of it. Meanwhile, during his underworld rise, he was not really a criminal lawyer; not even in the outward appearance of his practice.

Instead of trying cases in court, he simply appeared for many of the racket's small fry and, by collusion, got their cases "eased out the window"—dismissed for lack of evidence.

Mr. Leibowitz contrasted Davis' career with his own. They were parallel up to the point where each young man, impecunious but ambitious, opened a law office—only to discover that clients stayed away. This, Mr. Leibowitz said, is the turning point. Either the youngster sticks to it, honorably resolved to fight his way to the top, or, like Davis, he takes the vicious primrose path. Davis opened another office close to a Magistrates' Court where the policy racket's small fry were brought in. He learned the ropes, made acquaintances, arranged for fee splitting and case "fixing." In about six months he was making a luxurious living.

Now Mr. Leibowitz looks back to his own days at the turning point, as a young lawyer with a modest office and no clients.

I WAS eager—as Dixie Davis was—for fame and fortune. I felt sure that if I only had a chance to show what I could do the rest would quickly follow.

Now, when penniless men or women are arrested and charged with some crime in New York or Brooklyn, and have no counsel to defend them, the Court appoints a lawyer to handle their cases. In all but murder cases the lawyer gives his services without fee.

I went to the Criminal Court Building and asked a judge to assign me to some cases. He did. My first client was a down-and-outer with a whisky-riddled stomach. His name was Harry Patterson.

The charge was burglary. Patterson, according to the state, had let himself into a saloon with a skeleton key and had emptied the cash register. The state had the key and showed it triumphantly to the jury.

It looked pretty serious for my first

client. I had only his word for it that he was innocent and that the police had roughed him up. I got those contentions over to the jury, but I was still up against the key.

Justice, under our present practice of criminal law, sometimes is as American as a game of poker. So I staked everything on a challenge. I admitted that the key was my client's.

But I explained to the judge (quite loudly, so that the jury would miss nothing) that we based our whole case on the contention that the prosecutor had failed to prove that that key would open the door of that saloon. Let the jury go to the scene. Let a demonstration be made. Upon its success or failure I would rest the innocence or guilt of my client.

It was a dare. But the assistant district attorney didn't know whether the saloon door could be opened with that key or not. He objected to such nonsense. The Court thought it nonsense, too. But the jury didn't. The seed of reasonable doubt had been planted. They required little time to reach a verdict: "Not guilty!"

I don't know to this day whether or not poor rum-soaked Harry Patterson's key would have opened the door of that saloon. I do know, from having tried it, that it opened every door in the courthouse.

Perhaps some prissy-minded reader may yell: "Trickery! Foul! What has such a case to do with justice?"

Justice, indeed! What kind of justice do we hand out every day, here in America, to some of our Harry Pattersons? They may be innocent or they may be guilty, but they most certainly are poverty-stricken and must accept such counsel as is given them. Young lawyers. Apprentices. Men as green as I was that day.

I worked hard on Patterson's case and spent some of my dwindling store of money on it, and I scored a lucky hit. But how, in the name of common sense, can you expect a starving lawyer to dig into his own pocket for money when he's not even being paid a fee for the case? And decent defense of any case requires money. There are witnesses to locate, and trips to secure evidence, and copies of records to be purchased.

OUR Harry Pattersons have to get along without these things as best they can. They may be utterly innocent, but their appointed counsel—as impoverished as his client—often tells them:

"Maybe you are innocent, but I think they've got an airtight case against you. Suppose we go in and plead guilty and throw ourselves on the mercy of the Court. Maybe you'll be let off with a suspended sentence."

So into court they go. The young lawyer has his chance. He bursts into oratory. All about the "qualities of mercy." This is something new and delightful to him. But it isn't to the judge, who turns off the faucet of glowing words and imposes sentence.

Is that justice?

And when the charge is murder, the viciousness of this sausage-machine routine becomes all the more despicable. The penniless man charged with murder gets not one lawyer but usually three! Our American courts are generous. In New York, as many as three lawyers, no less. The three lawyers split up a thousand-dollar fee.

And who are those lawyers?

If, as often happens, the judge is honest and sincere, the lawyers he appoints are chosen purely for their capabilities. They are the best he can appoint for the fee the state can pay them. But if, as often happens, the judge is himself a political hack, who are the lawyers he assigns to defend the accused man?

They may be youngsters green as grass, or they may be legal incompetents—but you can bet that they are going to be politically helpful to the judge or his friends. The fee they are getting is pure patronage.

Patronage! With a man's life at stake!

If you think those lawyers are going into court to fight and claw for the rights of the accused, challenging the district attorney or even His Honor, then you don't know human nature. They're getting a fee for all this. If they want more fees, they had better not be too obnoxious.

It is a rotten, stinking situation. But the remedy is simple.

LET our great legal minds, our masterful corporation lawyers, our famous criminal lawyers set aside each year of their professional lives a certain amount of time to be devoted, quite without fee, to defending the indigent — particularly in murder cases. If great surgeons can attend the poor, great lawyers can.

I have digressed, but this is a tender and sore spot with me. Every one agrees that there is much that is ridiculous and unjust and ineffectual and archaic in the whole field of law as we know it in America today. And, as I go along, I intend to point out these things. Our whole complex system of justice needs an overhauling. Until it gets it, we cannot expect the man in the street to look upon a lawyer as his impartial protector and champion.

To go back to the Harry Patterson case: On the day that I won him an acquittal, there sat in that courtroom—though I was unaware of it—a professional pickpocket. Two weeks later he appeared in my office. He was up against a "bum rap," he said. The claim of the police was that some fellow had felt a hand in his pocket and had let out a yell, and the cops had picked him up. He was humiliated. When he picked a pocket, no one felt anything. Would I defend him?

He was my first cash customer. And my office had been open for weeks. The rent was due. I took the case.

I was too inexperienced to know it then, but professional criminals spend a lot of time in courtrooms, their eyes peeled for likely young lawyers.

This fellow claimed he was innocent. He gave me a retainer—$100. I certainly was inexperienced, for a pickpocket will pay from $2,500 to $3,000 to any lawyer who will assure him of his freedom during the busy summer months.

I put the bill in my pocket. We talked some more. He left. I felt in my pocket.

My first fee had vanished.

I was going over the carpet, inch by inch, when he came back into my office. He tossed me the bill.

"See?" he challenged in the manner of a man indisputably establishing his innocence. "When I pick a pocket they don't feel nothin'."

I went into court and defended him, and he got six months. And then I learned that a pickpocket would rather have a lawyer fix his case than try it. I never took another pocket-picking case in my life.

I HAD come to a fork in the road that many young lawyers travel. Follow one fork and you become a lawyer-criminal, a mouthpiece for some branch of organized crime. I took the other fork. I wanted to try cases; I wanted to reach the top rung of my profession.

I did try cases—a great variety of them. Many brought me no fee. But there is a lot of satisfaction in knowing that one is not looked upon as the lawyer for some mob or the trained legal seal who flops up each time some known racketeer is brought into court.

Being a legitimate criminal lawyer is not without its temptations. Not long ago a man came into my office. He produced a roll of bills, counted them out, one by one, and placed them on my desk. There were one hundred bills. Each bill was of $1,000 denomination.

"I want you to get my pal out of prison," he told me. "He is innocent."

I knew of his friend—one of the top-flight racketeers in America. I looked at the pile of bills. One hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money to any man.

"I'm sorry," I said—and meant it. "You'll have to try some place else. Your friend may be innocent, but I want no part of the case."

I have successfully defended many innocent men and women charged with murder whom I believed to be innocent. I have defended a few clients who I suspected might be guilty but who claimed—and produced good evidence to substantiate their claims—innocence. One of these was later released when the actual killer was found by a fluke and confessed to the crime.

Only once have I defended a man charged with murder whom I knew beyond shadow of doubt to be guilty. I shall tell you of this amazing case later, and of the unusual circumstances that forced me to defend him.

Your lawyer-criminal is not greatly concerned with the fundamental ethics of any case. A criminal himself, he quibbles over matters of ethics only when he finds himself being drawn into the net.

Again take the case of Dixie Davis: In the bail-bond exposé hearings of 1935, summoned to testify before Commissioner of Accounts Paul Blanshard, Davis blandly announced that, at a conservative estimate, the annual take of the numbers racket in New York amounted to $500,000,000.

Half a billion dollars! The public was incredulous and properly indignant. Dixie Davis later admitted he had exaggerated the policy game's revenue "in order to make the LaGuardia administration look bad."

But he had started something bigger than himself. He was summoned before the New York County Grand Jury to tell all. He was proffered the customary waiver of immunity to sign. In most cases no honest man needs fear sign one, although special circumstances may create exceptions.

Well, Dixie Davis insisted upon immunity. He refused to sign a waiver. And he made a Fourth-of-July speech about it. "I regard," he announced, "the practice of asking a witness to waive immunity as an oppressive and vicious practice not sanctioned by any statute and an unlawful and vicious invasion of the rights of the person subpoenaed."

His concluding sentence was a classic.

"It is particularly unfair," he said, "in the case of an attorney who has been placed under subpoena, in view of the high professional standards which an attorney is called upon to observe and preserve."

Dixie Davis, number two man in the numbers racket, was giving the grand jury a discourse upon the high esteem in which he—a traitor—held his profession!

If you spade into the muck of any racket, you will find a lawyer-criminal busily at work. His work may be prosaic, as I have explained. But he is occasionally looked to as the man who will find a loophole when the criminals run up against something new in honest prosecution.

IT was so in the $1,000,000-a-year restaurant racket that District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey's office smashed in New York City.

Fat Jules Martin, a Manhattan thug, originated the restaurant racket under the sponsorship of greedy Dutch Schultz. Dixie Davis, the Dutchman's protégé, was ultimately to poke a crooked finger into it.

Martin's Metropolitan Cafeteria and Restaurant Owners Association was strictly an extortion racket. Restaurant owners paid the "association" anywhere from $1,500 to $45,000, or found their front doors blocked by pickets they had never seen before, their windows smashed, foods ruined, customers terrified.

Jules Martin and his crowd missed no bets. Not only did they extort money from Broadway's restaurant proprietors — even including Jack Dempsey—but they entered, by main force, a legitimate local union, took

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MR.: Sorry to spoil our one outing, but this sick headache has me dizzy. I'll get a laxative at the boardwalk drugstore, but this "gone" feeling will hang on all day.

MRS.: Not if you take Sal Hepatica, dear.

MR.: Why, how's Sal Hepatica different?

MRS.: First, it's quick yet gentle in its laxative action. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity, chases that sickish feeling fast.

THAT AFTERNOON

MRS.: Swimming, beach ball, and now you want to go sailing! Can this be the same man I knew this morning?

MR.: The answer's *no!* Thanks to you, hon, and your glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica, I'm feeling great!

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it over, and assessed its members five dollars each.

A group of members of the legitimate union protested, and investigation got under way.

This is where Dixie Davis stepped into the picture. The right-hand man of Schultz, nominal head of the fake association, scurried to a big politician who could be depended upon to help. Exposure was in the air. Something had to be done at once.

It was done. Dixie called together Jules Martin and Martin's strong-arm men. The meeting was held in Dixie's luxurious offices in a Broadway skyscraper. Dixie assured them they could go right on signing up new members for their association. The case against the racketeers was dismissed upon a technicality. The extortionists continued to collect tribute. It was simple. One thug from the association would approach a restaurant man and inform him that he must sign a contract doubling the wages of his employees. Close on his heels would appear a second man—from the same association.

"I hear you're having labor trouble," he would say. "I think I can fix you up. It'll cost you $6,000."

The inevitable dickering would begin. Eventually the racketeer would leave—with a signed contract that stipulated that the restaurant owner would pay the association a generous "initiation fee and dues." The contract usually said nothing about a higher wage scale for the employees actually at work in the victim's restaurant.

The owner, for his money, got rid of the pickets and received a membership plaque for his show window.

When the prosecutor unearthed Jules Martin's racket, he simply followed the trail of the plaques. He subpoenaed the books of every restaurant displaying a plaque, and ordered its owner into his office for questioning.

NOW, when a district attorney who means business asks questions, you had better answer them. If you persistently refuse, you are eventually in contempt of court and can be sent to jail.

It was so in the restaurant racket investigation. The fake restaurant association saw the point. If its victims talked, the racketeers went to jail. If the victims didn't talk, they themselves went. It looked bad. So the problem was turned over to one of the association's crooked lawyers. Dixie Davis, a fixer, was of no use here. The situation needed a loophole, a technicality with which to defeat justice.

The association's so-called lawyer made the rounds of the restaurant owners whose books and records had been seized. He explained to them what they were up against. If they were asked about disguised entries in their books, representing payments to the association, the law required them to answer—or be cited and jailed for contempt.

But . . . he had an out for them. A loophole.

The law specifically required them to answer questions put to them. But no provision governed the truth or falsity of those answers. So long as they answered — readily, willingly, cheerfully—they fulfilled the law to the letter.

Thus the prosecutor found himself with a number of witnesses on his hands who were falling over each other in their eagerness to explain strange expenditures listed on their books. Answers ranged from the fantastic to the ridiculous.

The district attorney quickly saw that these men had been coached—by some crooked lawyer. He solved the problem by taking one of his most voluble lying witnesses before a judge, attacking the witness' story, pointing out its contradictions, and charging that it was an evasive answer.

The witness was thereupon cited for contempt and jailed. The association's lawyer took an appeal. The witness went free. The Court of Appeals reaffirmed the contempt citation.

Facing jail once more, the witness talked. And this time he told the truth. The whole murderous restaurant racket was smashed.

WE are a strangely impulsive people here in America. Public sentiment swings, pendulumlike, from one extreme to the other. As recently as fifteen years ago, the higher courts reversed as many as three out of five murder convictions. Today, in New York State, sometimes only one out of twenty is reversed.

Why? Because public sentiment, nauseated by a tidal wave of crime, demanded action. Out of that demand came such a prosecutor as Thomas E. Dewey. Our judges have given him every co-operation, for they are not deaf to public sentiment. You can trace this sensitivity to public demand right on up to the Supreme Court in Washington.

I happen to be of a different political faith than Thomas Dewey. I would like to be put on record as saying that as a prosecutor he deserves fully the plaudits that have been his. He has brought a new—and refreshing—note to the prosecution of crime. His success has a simple formula: He is politically unfettered. And he knows his business.

Organized crime, too, has a simple formula: A professional criminal allied with a powerful and crooked politician by means of the inevitable go-between—the lawyer-criminal.

All of the blame can't be laid at the doorstep of your bar associations. They can and do act promptly when the misconduct of any lawyer is brought to their attention. But they possess no investigative facilities to weed out crooked lawyers. There is only one man who can do that—the district attorney.

If the district attorney is a stooge for some thieving politician, then you can expect crime to flourish in your community. If he is independent, politically unfettered, crime cannot exist. Today, in the County of New York, fixing is at its lowest ebb.

The prosecutor's job is not always an easy one. He may be politically untied, but his hands often are bound by laws which, intended to protect the public, actually give solace to the criminal.

We streamline our methods in the business world overnight. But change so much as a phrase in our ancient and revered — and musty — legal terminology, and you are doing something truly revolutionary.

The legitimate criminal lawyer is confronted with this situation every day of his life. No one has a better understanding of the whole deplorably antiquated structure of our criminal jurisprudence.

A man may commit a murder in full view of a hundred eyewitnesses. He may turn the murder gun over to the policeman who arrests him. He may say: "I did it. I'm guilty. Let's get it over with. I'll plead guilty."

He won't find it so easy in most of our states. The Court will tell him:

"Sorry, but you are not permitted to plead guilty to first-degree murder. The law presumes you to be innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. The burden rests on the state to establish your guilt."

What nonsense!

In a century long passed, that clause—a cornerstone of American criminal law—was inserted to protect persons mentally ill who might confess to murders they had not committed. Every spectacular crime brings forth its train of excited crackpots. They "know who did it." Or they claim to have done it themselves. No one believes them, hence they can scarcely be in real danger of punishment.

The lads who really profit by that "innocent until proven guilty" joker are the racketeers, thugs, gangsters, professional killers — the men who make America the most lawless nation of the world today.

OUR proud "presumption of innocence" standard actually does not exist. We take one of our impoverished and rum-soaked Harry Pattersons into the back room of a police station and beat him up in hopes of obtaining a confession. Who cares? We throw him into court with incompetent legal assistance, and he has no recourse except to beg for mercy. He goes to prison, where for the rest of his life he harbors a grudge against society.

Is he really "presumed to be innocent"?

A wealthy depraved roué may maim or murder. Arrested, he stands on his "rights." He won't talk. He knows an influential politician. He has money to hire the best lawyer in the land. And he gets off.

That's America.

Every spectacular criminal case is given a preview trial by our newspapers. The guilt or innocence of the defendant is blazoned there. He is acquitted or convicted in the press, and the actual trial becomes just an afterthought, a formality. Watch your newspapers sometime and then check your own emotions, and see if I am not right. Suppose the big crime in your town at the moment is one in which a man is accused of rape or, even worse, of criminal assault upon a child.

That type of crime is the prosecutor's meat. He gives reams of handouts to the newspaper boys, describing the defendant as a "wolf slinking through the night" to do foul deeds. I once defended (and properly acquitted) a policeman who, before he came to trial, had been nicknamed "the Gorilla Cop." Unless stupidity is a crime, he was innocent of lawbreaking.

The point I am making is that a man may be utterly innocent, but public reaction may spring not from circumstances which implicate the defendant but from the nauseous details of a crime itself. The accused is damned before he even enters the courtroom to be tried.

On the other hand, the defense attorney has his day in the press when a crime happens in which the defendant is a lovely woman who shoots her lecherous lover. It is to the defense lawyer that the city editors then send their reporters posthaste. And the sob sisters go to work. Sympathy is created for the defendant. Sometimes this sympathy is deserved; sometimes it is not. But often it is not the defendant who is acquitted but the victim who is *convicted.*

PRESUMPTION of innocence? *Bunk!*

Let's examine what happens in France when a crime is committed. There, after the police and the magistrate have conducted a full inquiry and it has been determined to hold the prisoner for trial, he is then presumed to be *guilty* until proven innocent. Does that make you shudder? Then listen:

The accused is arrested and taken to a station house. No officer beats him over the head with a rubber hose, because a confession obtained by a police official isn't worth the paper it is written on.

Instead, the police merely arrest and detain the man and send for a magistrate, who has a roving commission and appears shortly at the station house.

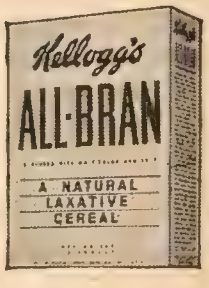
The magistrate hears the accused man's story. He claims that he was in Marseilles when this murder (committed in Paris) occurred. What happens? The police immediately go to Marseilles, where, if possible, they establish the truth of the arrested man's story. They don't form a theory and then try to fit him to it. They attempt to prove the *truth* of what he has told them.

The magistrate, immediately after the crime, takes down the *sworn statements* of all witnesses, including that of the arrested man. If he is innocent,

LIFE OF THE BEACH! —by C. A. Voight

— WHAT GOOD ARE YOU ON A HOLIDAY? — YOU JUST SIT AND MOPE!!
— WHO WOULDN'T MOPE IF HE HAD TO TAKE THOSE CATHARTICS EVERY DAY!! — HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?
JOIN THE "REGULARS" WITH KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
— H'M! "FOR CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK. A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL. EAT IT EVERY DAY AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER." I'LL TRY IT, BYGAD!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
BEFORE LONG—WHAT A CHANGE!
HE'S CERTAINLY A "REGULAR" GUY NOW!
WHOOPEE, WHAT FUN!!
C. A. Voight

IS there a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to cure it later? There is, if it's the common kind due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. Get at the cause and prevent the trouble with that crisp, bulk-rich cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water. All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by all grocers.


Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

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Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

they will help prove him innocent. It is to his advantage to talk freely. If he is guilty, circumstances and his own witnesses will fail him and he will go to trial compelled to prove his innocence.

Here in America, however, it is not to the advantage of an arrested man to talk. He can refuse, thumbing his nose at Justice, saying: “The law says I'm innocent. You say I'm guilty. Well, go ahead and prove it.”

Abolish pre-trials of defendants in our newspapers; turn our trials and investigations into a diligent search for the truth. Reduce the testimony of witnesses—under oath—to writing. And do this immediately after the crime, making such a sound procedure a substitute for third-degree methods which are now so prevalent. American juries are bitterly opposed to brutality in any form, and many accused men, on the witness stand, gain sympathy when it is shown that they have been maltreated. Juries, time after time, have brought in acquittals not so much because they were concerned with guilt or innocence of the defendant as by way of an angry rebuke for inquisitional treatment.

And let us bring a measure of simplicity and dignity into our American courtrooms as well.

When a man is charged with a crime bring him and his witnesses and the witnesses against him into court, and put them all on the stand, under oath, before a jury. Then simply say to them:

“Go ahead. Tell the story of what you know about this case. Tell it simply, in your own words.”

Then let them tell that story. A coherent story with continuity, uninterrupted by the confusing business of attorneys shouting: “Objection!” and a judge sternly admonishing: “Strike that from the record! The jury is instructed to disregard that.”

As though the jury could! As though you or I or any human being could throw aside words that had already made an impact upon our minds. As well say “Disregard that!” to a camera whose shutter has opened to let in a ray of bright light upon a sensitized film.

THEN, when both sides have told their stories, let a competent judge instruct the jury as to the legal weight that may be given to stories he has heard in the courtroom; as to how much weight—if any—can fairly be given to hearsay testimony.

Under such a system justice would be hard to pervert, for I have an abiding faith in the deeply rooted common sense of the man in the street who becomes the juror in the box. He'll spot a liar—if your judge and defense attorney and prosecutor will only keep quiet long enough for him to listen.

This country is blessed with some of the finest judges ever to sit upon the bench. The majority of our judges are honest in every way. It is upon their blameless shoulders that public resentment often falls for sins committed by the occasional ranter or political hack who happens to have become a judge.

For just as the lawyer-criminal can besmirch the whole profession of law, so can a judge who happens to be unfair push over the delicate scales of Justice. And when he does, this very rare fellow creates instant public reaction.

I once defended a man charged with murder before a judge who, from the outset, wished to make it obvious that—whatever the equities of the case—he favored the prosecution. Whenever the prosecutor scored a point, he beamed approvingly. When a prosecution witness testified, he leaned forward intently, smiling with pleasure first upon the witness, then upon the jury. In the profession we call it “making love to the jury.”

When I began to present my witnesses, he immediately swiveled about in his chair, his back disdainfully to them, his bored gaze upon the ceiling. His attitude more forcefully than words asked the jurors:

“You're not going to believe these liars, are you?”

I was furious. And then he began to rock in his chair. The chair had a squeak—a very distracting squeak.

FINALLY my patience was at an end. I arose and said:

“Your Honor, I wish to protest your entire conduct of this case. You may cite me for contempt, if you please. I don't care what you do to me. But I do care about my client's right to a fair trial. And he hasn't had that. Your actions throughout will not show in the record of this case. That they may, I wish to list them now: The turning of your back upon my witnesses. The rapt attention you paid to witnesses for the state. Your constant squeaking of that chair while my witnesses testified. Your smiling and smirking upon prosecutor and jury during presentation of the state's case.”

He looked at me, his face red with fury. But he knew I had him. “You, too, smiled upon the jury, Mr. Leibowitz,” he suggested lamely.

“But mine was an honest smile,” I informed him.

The case went to the jury. They stood 9 to 3 for acquittal. My client, after this disagreement, was permitted to plead guilty to a reduced charge—manslaughter.

One of the jurors told me afterward: “I think your client was guilty as hell, but I wasn't going to let that bully on the bench tell me what to do.”

Had the trial been conducted by a fair and impartial judge, rather than by one who stirred resentment and antagonism in the hearts of the jurors, then my client might well have gone to the chair.

We enthusiastic Americans would be the better for a little dignity and restraint. Nowhere but in America could such a spectacular circus as the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann have happened. You can't expect a public that bought tickets for that trial, or received “invitat[illegible]onsisting of cards on which were engraved a reproduction of the kidnap ladder, to look upon criminal justice here as anything more than a show, a game. A contest befuddled by legal technicalities by which attorneys hope to win a verdict of guilty or innocent.

We're making progress, though. We're cutting through some of the red tape that hog-ties justice in America. Not so many years ago, if a comma was misplaced in an indictment or if the defendant's name was misspelled, he might win his liberty. Today a judge is more likely to transpose the comma or to correct the spelling.

But what of the lawyer-criminal who actually works with a crook in advance; who plots the crime and advises the criminal how to carry it through successfully; the lawyer-criminal you see pictured so often in the movies?

Well, he belongs in the movies, because he rarely happens in real life. There have been exceptions, of course. Spectacular exceptions. Dillinger's lawyer was one of them. But can you name another?

They are quite rare. But when they are exposed, a lay public often is so aghast—and thoughtless—that the whole profession of criminal law absorbs the blame.

I've put in many years among New York City's many lawyers. And, as I write this, for the first time in my life I have learned of a lawyer-criminal in Manhattan who fits perfectly the movie characterization. In fact, he is even more spectacular.

He conducts a virtual stock exchange of crime.

HERE'S how he works:

Let us say that a stick-up man from Kansas City arrives in New York. His money runs low after a week or so. It's time to go back to work. He “cases” a number of likely jobs. The simplest seems to be a payroll robbery at a small factory.

He can't pull it singlehanded, for the risks are too great. He has to subdue a number of employees of the place and transfer money from the safe to a bag he will use, and he has to make a quick getaway.

The job calls for three helpers—experienced men who specialize in stick-ups. So he begins canvassing the dives and gin mills of Manhattan, on the alert for some underworld pals. He doesn't find any. And this job needs quick doing.

What does he do?

If he's smart, he goes to the skyscraper office of the lawyer-criminal I mentioned, whom we'll call Attorney X. He tells Attorney X what he has in mind. Attorney X nods, and soon is making telephone calls. One by one, three other men drift into his office in response to those calls.

What follows, and a still more sensational and infamous example of the methods of Attorney X as master mind, will be fearlessly laid bare by Mr. Leibowitz in Liberty next week!

THE GOOD EARTH ANSWERS

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THROUGH the festoons of red peppers drying in the sun on the veranda, Rodney Tate could see the slim tall figure—filling out amazingly—of Jonathan, his eldest son. The boy was heading for the pumpkin patch, where lay the pride of his heart.

Rodney sighed. Was Jonathan's pleasure in his pumpkin just another gallant gesture? His father could not forget the look in his eyes at the time of the financial crash, intensified later when Rodney lay near death in the hospital: the frightened, bewildered, hurt look of a trapped animal. The succeeding interlude of summer—of developing these three acres—what could there be in that to allay the boy's fear as to his future?

He rose and strode off down to the patch, clad, like Jonathan, only in overalls and Mexican sandals. Binnie, his youngest daughter, left the rabbit hutch and scurried ahead of him with McGraw, the pedigreed collie, bounding at her heels. Her pigtails were flying in the desert-born September breeze, and briefly Rodney regretted her shining waterfall of spun-gold hair. But, after all, the braids were efficient—and that counted in the present way of life!

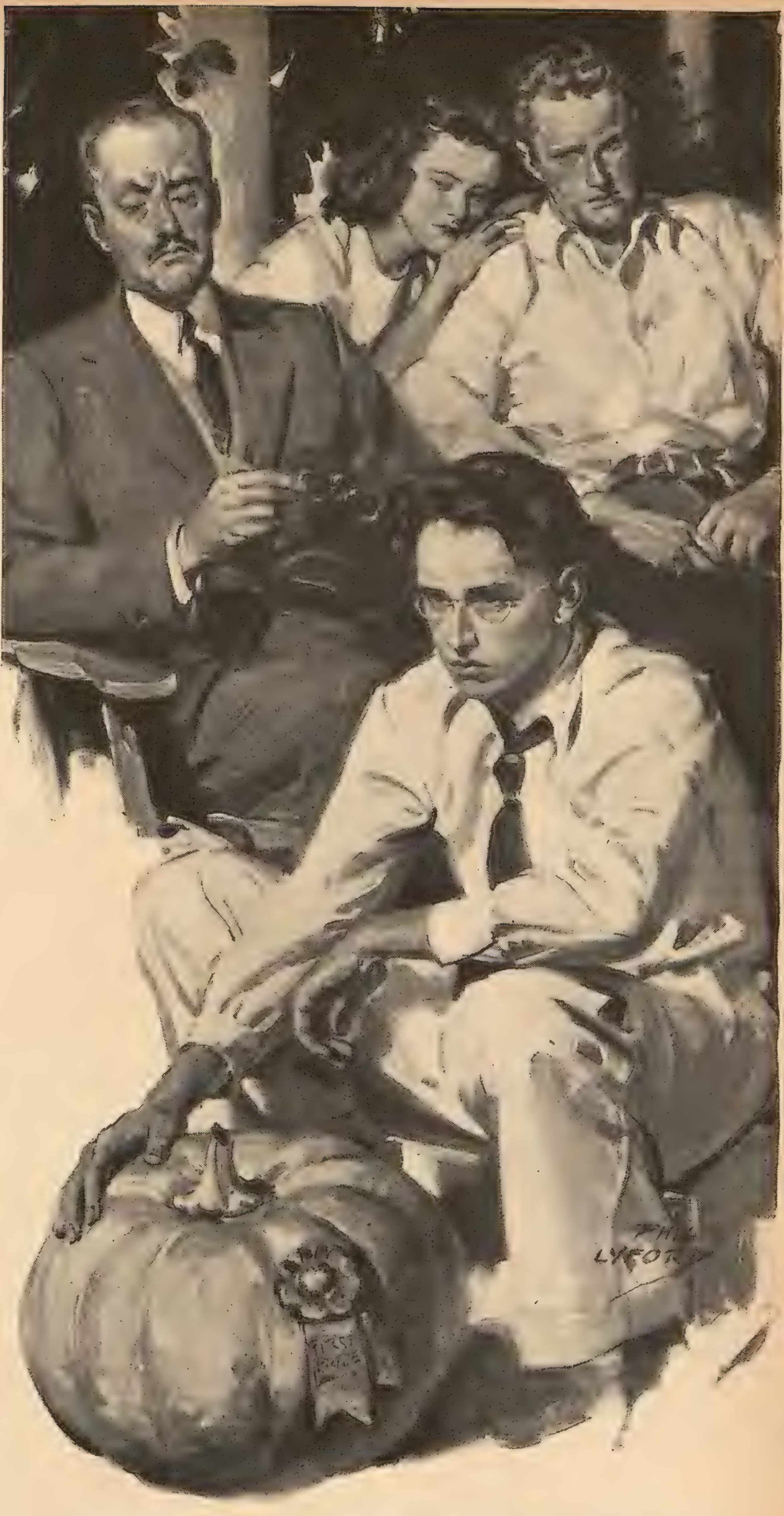
She was shouting: " Did the wind scorch it, Jonathan? "

Rodney arrived as Jonathan parted the leaves over a great golden pumpkin. He felt of it carefully and reported, " It's all right so far— Oh, hello, dad."

Binnie cried: " It's an inch larger than yesterday! It'll surely win the

Now we say farewell to the Tates in a concluding story of a snake crept into Eden

BY ETHEL DOHERTY and LOUISE LONG



Jonathan ran his hands over the big pumpkin. " I want to produce something—as I did this. I want to produce something tangible."

AMERICAN FAMILY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

prize at the fair, won't it, daddy?"

Rodney nodded hopefully, for the pumpkin was indeed a miracle. Jonathan had sent for special seed, and the soil, the southern California climate, and the boy's painstaking care had all contributed.

"I almost wish," Binnie worried, "I hadn't chosen Papa and Mama Jumbo for my entry. They're almost sure to have a lot of little bunnies right before the judges."

Rodney suppressed a smile. "Not so soon again, darling." He caught sight of the twelve-year-old Douglas stepping cautiously over the onion rows. "What are you lugging Ella about for, Doug?"

A handsome Rhode Island Red rooster glared haughtily from the shelter of the younger boy's arms as he asked: "Do you think it would do to groom her—him—for the fair, dad?"

"He does that himself," Rodney answered, stroking the gleaming bronze feathers.

"He's just as beautiful," Binnie claimed, "as the peacocks we used to have on Long Island."

Rodney saw that she meant it, and it pleased him inordinately.

JONATHAN said: "Don't tell any one at the fair, Doug, that we call him 'Ella.' Sounds so silly, our thinking he was a pullet."

"Gee, we were dumb," Douglas assented. "But we're not so bad now, huh, dad?"

"We get results, anyhow," Jonathan exulted, waving toward the rows on rows of vegetables opulently coming to fruition. "Not a bug left, and a huge yield. If only this desert wind—"

"The water ought to be here any minute." Rodney glanced at his wrist watch. "And that will help."

"Whoops!" Douglas ran for the irrigation ditch which bordered their land. "It's coming, dad!"

"Get your hoes!" Rodney ordered, rolling up his overalls to his knees and kicking off his sandals. He straightened just as the dainty butterfly of a Paula fluttered from the back of the house down to the group. She linked her arm in her father's, looking at him approvingly. His thin brown torso was beginning to be muscular; his great dark eyes flashed with something of the old look of power.

Paula cried impulsively: "You don't look a bit like you did in the hospital six months ago!"

"Regular Adonis, sir!" Jonathan's eyes twinkled at his father through his glasses. "Here's a hoe for you, Paula."

She scrambled out of her shoes and socks and tore after the others just as Rodney opened the sluice gate. The water began to flow on to their land, and the four younger Tates moved with alacrity and precision to guide it into the furrows.

The thirsty soil soaked up the water gratefully at first. Then the stream came faster. The land sloped. The furrows branched. Dikes threatened to break. Bare brown feet scurried beside the streams, mud splashes appeared on legs and clothing. Excited voices, warnings, orders filled the air.

Suddenly, through the din, Carol's voice came, urgent, distressed: "Rodney! Oh, Rodney!" He turned quickly to see his wife, lovely under any circumstances, hurrying toward them, waving her apron as some sort of S O S signal.

Rodney rushed toward her, and the quartet glanced up, startled. Then the work stopped, in spite of the threat of catastrophe. For around the corner of the house, behind their mother, minced a sedate figure out of their past—a small dapper man in a correct gray suit, spats, and a pearl-gray fedora, carrying a cane.

"Frank Benson's here," Carol gasped. "What shall we do?"

McGraw's growl warned her, and she turned, frowning, to see Rodney's brother-in-law peering at the muddy group with repugnance. The faces of her four offspring mirrored his expression. Rodney was sloshing his feet in the stream.

"You—ah—might call off your dog," suggested Uncle Frank.

"Quiet, McGraw!" Rodney stepped into his sandals and extended his hand. "How are you, Frank?"

"I never saw anything like this," Frank Benson protested, shaking hands limply, "except among peasants in Europe."

Jonathan recovered himself. "The water's broken through over there! See you later, Uncle Frank."

The others rushed back to their posts, except Paula, whom her uncle detained, looking critically at her flawless tan skin. "My child, you're acquiring a complexion like one of these horse-show females. Too bad—too bad!"

PAULA drew away uncomfortably, abashed; for Paula, of all the family, cared enormously how she looked. "I've got to help, Uncle Frank," she muttered. "The water—out here it's precious."

"What brings you West, Frank?" Rodney turned him toward the house.

"Just took a run out to see how you were making it. Hired a car and driver in San Diego." He motioned toward a shining limousine drawn up at the gate as they came in sight of it.

Carol murmured: "Why didn't you let us know?"

"I didn't want you slaving to prepare for me, Carol. You have enough, God knows." His tone was pitying, and her head went up in proud denial, but Rodney was saying serenely:

"We've more or less gone native, as you see, Frank. But we'd be glad to have you stay with us, if you can stand it."

"Just what I want. Er—any place to put up the driver?"

"He'll have to stay in San Carlos," Carol said firmly. "But it's only three miles away and we have a phone."

"Very good. I'll tell him." He turned off toward the gate, signaling with his cane to the chauffeur.

"We'll have to put the boys out here on cots," Carol said, as she and Rodney stepped up on the veranda. "They won't like it—especially when he begins what Jonathan calls 'lording it' over *you*."

Rodney laughed. "Tell Jonathan he never bothers me. He enjoyed my failure in business—but it made up for the years he'd envied me."

Carol spoke quickly, for Frank was coming back, with the chauffeur carrying his bags. "Rodney, he's here to persuade Jonathan and Paula to go back with him! It seems as if I couldn't bear it!"

He looked startled. "Perhaps that's the answer—"

There was no time for more, but Rodney too seemed disquieted, and anxious to impress his brother-in-law with the success of their project. Later he and Carol showed him the vegetable garden, where the children had finished irrigating, then the chickens and rabbits, and Isabella the cow. He explained that they raised most of their food, and how excellent the work was for the health and morale of the children, to say nothing of its economic value to the family budget. To all of which Frank Benson made no rejoinder.

BUT when the scrubbed and freshly clad family assembled on the veranda, the visitor became surprisingly affable. He recounted anecdotes of their friends, bringing New York close again. The children were hanging on his words by the time he opened his bags to distribute gifts.

He began with Paula. "I telephoned your friend Betty, telling her I was coming out here. She promptly had a shower for you with the girls from Miss Graydon's School who were in town."

"How darling of them!" Paula cried, reaching for the box.

Filmy handkerchiefs, a bracelet, the sheerest of hose were unwrapped and spread out. Paula was almost in tears over the bottle of perfume, dabbing it behind her pretty ears, murmuring: "To think they remembered what I like best!"

"They haven't forgotten you," her uncle assured her.

"I thought they had," Paula said, "when we lost our money."

Jonathan scoffed: "They must think you're coming back into the sacred precincts."

Frank Benson's smug look confirmed Carol's suspicion of his errand. He turned to Jonathan:

"I couldn't bring your gift, but it's waiting for you. At the auction I bought that carved chest you picked up in Italy."

It had been Jonathan's great treasure, and he sat up in astonishment. "Why, Uncle Frank, how thoughtful of you!"

"You're swell, Uncle Frank!" Paula cried impulsively.

Carol rose abruptly and excused herself to go and see about dinner. She saw that Frank was on a campaign to win the children's affection, but she cautioned herself to keep level for their best interests. She finished the simple dinner already cooking, and served it with no apology.

Afterward she was not surprised when Frank followed her to the kitchen, where she began scraping the refuse from the dishes into a big can.

"I never thought I'd see you come to this," he said sadly.

"Garbage, you mean?" she returned flippantly, evading his pity. "Why, Lord Byron takes care of that."

"Who?" He was disgruntled.

"Byron—for his pigs. Here he is now."

A loutish boy pushed open the screen door, displaying broadly spaced teeth in a grin, not removing his cap. He clapped the lid on the garbage can as Carol said, "This is Mr. Benson, Byron."

"Charmed," said Frank Benson sardonically.

THE young Tates were swarming in. "Hi, Byron!" Paula was just in time to stop a curious antic on the part of Byron. He had been looking Frank Benson over, concentrating on the spats, and his big loose upper lip swelled out as a preliminary to a "razzberry." Paula's manicured hand clapped over his mouth and Jonathan helped to hustle him off. Paula's whispered words came back:

"We admit he's a dude, but, after all, he's our uncle."

"Come out and see my pumpkin, Byron," Jonathan urged loudly.

"H'm-m," Frank Benson commented, looking after Byron as he teetered back and forth on his small feet and swung his eyeglasses. "He seems to be an intimate."

"He's been very good for the youngsters," Carol said quietly. "He has taught them a great deal."

He regarded her shrewdly. "But hardly the sort of associate you'd choose, eh? Look here, my dear." He sat down purposefully on a kitchen chair. "I admit you've made a marvelous adjustment here, and I'm proud of you. But there's one thing you're helpless about—and that's the people the children are meeting. Carol, I'm appalled, simply appalled, when I think of that!"

"There hasn't been time for them to meet many young people," Carol said defensively. "Just wait till school begins."

"Just wait!" he fumed. "Public school after their training with tutors and private school. Horrible! Any kind of moron—why, Paula may marry such a fellow as that." He jerked his head in the direction of Byron's exit.

He had her there, but she said valiantly: "I'm not afraid. They're learning to evaluate people and things by contrast."

"By contrast?" He seemed to reflect, and said no more.

But the next day he proposed a trip. He would summon the car and take them all to Los Angeles, where they would stay at the best hotel and see

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IT'S THRIFTY TO INSTALL NEW SPARK PLUGS—*Demand* CHAMPIONS

the shows—his treat. Binnie and Douglas refused politely but vehemently. They had to watch over Ella and the Jumbos to be sure they were ready for the fair. But the two older ones were keen to go, since the garden was safe with the late irrigation.

Rodney said privately to Carol: "He's trying to make Paula and Jonathan dissatisfied with their life here. And that may be easy enough—the newness has worn off. I know they're both concerned for their future."

"If things were as they used to be," she conceded, "we'd be sending them off to school. But I keep thinking what we're doing with them is important. Perhaps it isn't. Perhaps he's right. Let's go."

It was arranged that Alice Parker, from the neighboring farm, come and look after Binnie and Douglas. The others dressed in their long unused best, and at last the big car moved off in a dream of comfort.

By nightfall they were in the midst of city traffic, lights, excitement. Undeniably, Paula's eyes were shining with pleasure, and Jonathan was like a spirited pony returned to his native heath. They all accepted the spacious luxurious rooms at the hotel as familiar friends. Dinner was delectable, not only the perfect food, but the service, the music, the beauty of it all.

"I'd almost forgotten!" Paula cried, enchanted.

"Funny how I used to think it was a bore," Jonathan remarked, watching the floor show.

Frank Benson looked as pleased as it was possible for a dry chip to look. "The enthusiasm of youth is refreshing," he said to the silent thoughtful parents. "Being childless is a drawback, though I've never descended to self-pity about that."

Paula leaned over and patted his hand. "You must be awfully lonely in that big house. I never thought about that before."

Carol asked restively, "Isn't it time we should be leaving for the theater?"

GLAMOUR on glamour unfolded. Frank Benson did not miss a trick. The play was amusing, delightful. The audience was starred with film luminaries. Supper at a swank place in Hollywood topped it all. Then the deep sweet comfort of hotel rooms again. When they were alone, Rodney Tate said to his wife:

"He wins—the contrast is overwhelming."

"I'm dying at the roots," she confessed miserably. "But that's selfish. I'll miss them so—but I mustn't think of that."

In the morning Uncle Frank hustled Jonathan off early. "The Exchange in New York has been open three hours," he complained. "Ought to have been down at Roarke's at six o'clock."

In the broker's big crowded room quotations were being chalked up in mad fashion, as the stock market was active. Uncle Frank gave Jonathan information about a certain utility stock, which was back of the flurry, played a game with the boy, buying (on paper) at a certain figure, advising him when to sell.

At noon they all met for lunch. Paula's freshly set coiffure was topped by a new hat, as her uncle had slipped her a bill, against her mother's wishes.

Frank Benson actually approved the absurd headgear, and was chortling over his morning with Jonathan. "The boy made a thousand, Rodney—or would have if we'd been using real money. What say we drive up to the San Francisco Fair on the strength of it?"

"The Fair? Oh, but we must get back for our own fair in San Carlos."

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **A JOURNAL OF REPARATIONS** by Charles G. Dawes. The Macmillan Company.

An authentic contemporary account of the problem of German reparations, one of the outstanding difficulties in postwar years, this book is a valuable contribution to world history.

Frank jeered at him, for he had been told that the local fair was but a one-day exhibit of produce, sponsored by the realty people to stimulate interest in the small farms surrounding the town.

"Nevertheless," Rodney said firmly, "our children have promised exhibits and we have to go through with it."

"Stupid!" Frank Benson snorted, but he had to give in.

IT was dusk when they neared home. The frogs were shrilling monotonously in a gray landscape. The house looked small and humble in the midst of it. The chauffeur drew the big car up to the gate as Binnie came running down the walk, hazel eyes larger than ever in the white triangle of her face.

"Oh, hurry, hurry—" She was crying.

Carol was first to reach her. "What is it, darling?"

"They're all sick!" Binnie said tragically.

"Doug? Alice Parker?"

"No—no! The chickens!"

Jonathan cried out: "Ella too?"

Binnie shook her head. "He's all right, so far. They've got the pip, mummy. That's what Alice Parker says."

The living room had been turned into a hospital. Boxes and crates stood everywhere, each containing a droopy fowl. Douglas was moodily consulting a thermometer which hung in the room.

"Don't let in a draft," he warned as the family entered.

Alice Parker was dosing a hen and looked up at Carol reassuringly. "I think we'll save most of them, Mrs. Tate."

Frank Benson looked grimly about the warm cluttered room, blanket-hung to keep out drafts. "Hadn't we better go back to town?"

"I'll get you some sandwiches and coffee in a jiffy," Alice offered, struggling up.

Carol said quickly: "Paula and I will do that."

The kitchen, too, was in chaos, regular duty evidently forgotten in the stress of hospitalization. Carol caught Frank's dry smile as they both saw revolt in Paula's eyes, though she set to work, still wearing the new hat.

At bedtime Carol knew that Frank Benson had his moment of greatest triumph. As usual, the seven occupants of the house lined up in a queue for a chance at the single bathroom, carrying toothbrushes and soap. Ordinarily this was a time of hilarious chaffing, but tonight was too near the memory of the individual luxurious bathrooms of the hotel. Every one was glum.

Morning found them hollow-eyed, subdued. Nevertheless, preparations went forward for the fair. Paula churned and made a pat of sweet butter, shaping it into the image of Isabella and packing it in ice. Binnie combed the rabbits and Douglas watched over the rooster with anxious care. Jonathan cut his pumpkin from the vine and brought it to the house and polished it.

Frank Benson said at one point, "This is a lot of fuss for nothing, Rodney. It doesn't mean anything educationally, in the long run."

"I thought it did," Rodney answered slowly. "Perhaps I haven't a clear perspective."

"Well, I'll be glad when it's over and they can think of something else. I have a plan—but it can wait."

Rodney drove their own old car into town next morning, with Carol beside him and the precious exhibits in the tonneau, while the excited children went with Uncle Frank in the limousine. Rodney said:

"I think Frank hopes they won't take any prizes. He'd like that to be their final disillusionment."

"The stars are with him," Carol said wryly. "Of course the poor mites can't win against veterans of farm produce."

THE display under the huge tent ranged from livestock to vegetables, fruit, jam, cakes—everything to eat, from the raw to the finished product. Crowds, smells, noise, heat. Frank Benson lasted fifteen minutes and then retired to his car. Rodney and Carol trudged about until she saw that he was tired, and suggested that they go home and leave Jonathan with the care of the younger ones. Binnie, they knew, was seated on a box watching over the Jumbos, who looked immaculate in their screened crate. Douglas could not be pried away from Ella. Paula, in the dairy products section, was icing her butter exhibit once more. So they returned with Frank Benson in his car, leaving theirs for the children.

Late in the afternoon, when the three elders sat on the veranda awaiting the return of the scions, Frank finally broached his plan. He prefaced it with a statement oddly at variance with his former condescending attitude.

"I offered before to educate Jonathan and Paula," he said, "merely from a sense of duty. But now I'd like to do it as—well, my contribution to the future of America."

The sententiousness of his speech was amusing—but neither Rodney nor Carol smiled. They waited. Frank Benson went on: "I plan for Jonathan to take a college course in business management. Then I promise him a permanent place in my firm."

"You think he'd make a broker?" Rodney asked meditatively.

"Why not? As for Paula, I'll have her resume studies at Miss Graydon's. At eighteen I'll give her a coming-out party."

"The marriage market," Carol commented expressionlessly.

"That's what you'd have done if you hadn't come a cropper," he reminded her. "But for double security, since she has no *dot,* I'll have her qualify as a social secretary."

Rodney said: "It's very generous of you, Frank. But I expect to climb out of this present low spot myself as soon as I regain my health."

"Too late! Now is the important time."

He went into a long discourse about proper associates who would be valuable later.

Finally Carol spoke—and only Rodney knew how painful the decision was to her:

"If it's best for them . . ."

"I thought you'd agree." Frank Benson settled back complacently.

"The final decision," Rodney said firmly, "rests with them."

"That's a piece of nonsense just like you!" The visitor was irritated anew by his brother-in-law's quixotic notions.

Just then the old car clattered into view. Douglas began shouting something unintelligible as he leaned half out of the front seat. Paula and Binnie were screaming behind him. It became a chant:

"Jonathan got a blue ribbon! Jonathan won the first prize!"

RODNEY and Carol hurried to the driveway to meet them. Jonathan shut off the ignition and beamed at them speechlessly.

"His pumpkin was the finest!" the others were crooning. "Everybody's asking him for seeds!"

They sprang out, as their parents congratulated Jonathan, and began unloading their exhibits.

"Any more ribbons?" Rodney asked.

"Ella got hon'able mention," Douglas said proudly.

"The other rabbits were really larger," Binnie admitted generously. "The Jumbos have to grow more, that's all."

The Mountains come to Mahomet

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"Isabella ate something that made the butter a little bitter," Paula explained. "But everybody liked the way I'd sculped it. Anyway, isn't it marvelous that Jonathan got *first*—among all those real farmers like Byron?"

"I think you're sweet!" Carol cried, trying to hug them all at once.

Their uncle had remained on the veranda, and now called out: "Jonathan and Paula, I want to see you."

It sounded ominous, and Binnie and Douglas hurried thankfully away with the rabbits and rooster. The others approached the veranda, Jonathan carrying his pumpkin with the blue ribbon fluttering from its stem. He set it down, grinning shyly at his uncle.

"Congratulations," Frank Benson said perfunctorily. "Now that's over, I have some good news for you. Perhaps you'd better outline the plan, Rodney, since you've agreed."

"You tell it," Rodney said. "And I only agreed if it is what they want for themselves." He lay back on the garden chair the children had given him.

Frank Benson presented his offer to Paula first. Rodney and Carol watched her vivid face, so pretty, so proud, knowing how socially conscious she was.

"Miss Graydon's?" she said thoughtfully when he had finished. Then her eyes glowed. "Oh, I do love parties—and nice things—and—and gracious living, as Miss Graydon used to say."

Frank permitted himself to smile. He went on to forecast a suitable marriage for her after her debut.

Her face clouded. "But I'll marry the man I fall in love with—whether he's Social Register or not!"

Her uncle said instantly: "You'll meet no other kind." Then he turned to Jonathan and outlined his plan for him.

JONATHAN listened wide-eyed, and his first comment was characteristic: "That's awfully white of you, sir." His eyes flicked over to his father. "It would take a burden off you, dad."

Rodney stirred. "In the old days farmers wanted children, to carry on the work. You're an asset, son, in more ways than that. You're to consider this only in the light of your own future."

Jonathan studied a moment or two, then asked hesitantly: "It would have to be the brokerage business, Uncle Frank?"

"Take it or leave it," Frank Benson said emphatically. "I'm not prepared to offer you any other career."

Jonathan looked dreamy. "One of those fellows chasing around with bits of paper like those we saw at Roarke's?"

"Certainly. A permanent job in my office means *security* for you, my boy—and that's what every one in the world is crying for."

Jonathan was contemplating the mountaintops, which were reddening in the last rays of sunlight. "Security," he repeated slowly. "That rather takes the adventure out of life, doesn't it?"

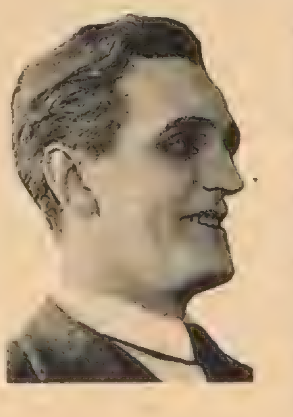
"Still romantic—after all you've been through?"

Jonathan squared about. "I'd like the chance to make good on my own that you and dad had—"

"Times have changed," his uncle interjected.

"But we've already proved on these three acres that they haven't!" Jonathan was aroused now. "When I turned down your offer before, sir—pardon!—I didn't *know*. Now I do. For the first time in our lives, we've really accomplished something. It's like this: Exchanging bits of paper for other bits of paper—there's nothing real—"

20 QUESTIONS



1—When this early picture of a stage and screen star was taken he wasn't telling whoppers on the radio. Who is he?

2—If you heard that a certain person was in Coventry, would it mean that he had just taken a journey there?

3—Who stood "under a spreading chestnut tree"?

4—What United States senator was called the Millionaire Kid in his amateur fighting days?

5—How many states are there with names beginning with M?

6—What championship product is supplied by the Peace River country in Canada?

7—Which is colder, the North Pole or the South?

8—General George Custer's last stand was against what Indians?

9—What bird has been unable to talk itself out of being banned as a health menace?

10—If your friends are celebrating their tin wedding, how long have they been married?

11—What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet?

12—How do American and European traffic rules differ in the main?

13—In what sport is the Astor Cup awarded?

14—If you see "au gratin" after the name of a dish, what can you expect?

15—What movie and radio star has had a book and movie named after her?

16—Whom does the "rocking-chair brigade" owe a debt of gratitude to?

17—What country yearly takes half the world supply of rubber?

18—Where does U. S. Highway No. 1 begin and end?

19—What vitamin is essential for preventing premature old age?

20—Who founded Hull House, Chicago?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

"Money's real enough," his uncle said dryly.

Jonathan ran his slender nervous hands over the big pumpkin. "I want to produce something—as I did this. Plant the seed, nurture it. I want to produce something tangible—that the world needs."

"A farmer," Frank Benson said curtly, "has the least reward for his labor—"

"In money, you mean!" Jonathan cried. "I may not be a farmer. I don't know. I want to *produce*, don't you see, sir? It may be anything from a pumpkin to a cure for cancer. I can't tell until I've studied—"

"At the local high school," Frank cut in disparagingly. Jonathan's face lighted now, at last.

"That's where I'll have a real chance to find myself! I've already talked to the registrar. You see, my tutor pushed me ahead in languages and literature and math, but no laboratory science. And in that I'll find what I want to produce. In science lies the future of the world, sir!" He paused, flushing deeply, and finished: "I do thank you, Uncle Frank, but—"

"I see." Frank Benson turned to Paula. "But you, my dear child—"

She shook the curls out of her eyes. "High school sounds sort of exciting! As if you could be anything you chose to be—not just all a pattern like Miss Graydon's girls." She chuckled reminiscently. "Goodness, we were a set of little snobs! We're just plain Americans now, Uncle Frank."

"That's no answer to your future," he said irascibly.

"Oh, but it is!" she cried, surprised. "Jonathan put it badly—but we both want to be part of the living world. We want to be the plants, not the parasites—if you know what I mean."

He looked so bleak that impulsively she squeezed his dry cold hand. "Don't worry about us, Uncle Frank," she said. "We're like our great-grandmother, Amanda Tate. We'll *make* everything we've a yen for, ourselves."

Frank Benson stared at her a moment longer, then he turned back to Jonathan. He seemed about to speak, then set his lips, shrugged, and got up to walk stiffly down to the front gate.

INTO the silence came the lowing of a cow. "Isabella!" Paula exclaimed, her face clearing happily. "I'll run and milk her." Jonathan plunged after her. "Got to get after my chores." So easily did they slough off the weight of their decision.

Not so their parents. Carol put her hand into Rodney's. Both were still dubious, in spite of their belief, so earnestly did they wish to do what was best for the children. They sighed and turned to contemplate Frank Benson at the gate.

He looked old, standing there, defeated. An incongruous figure of urban life leaning against the gate in the calm of a country evening. Like Jonathan, at last he raised his eyes to the mountains and gazed at them until the splendor faded.

Then slowly he turned and came back to the two dim figures on the dusky veranda.

He settled himself beside them and said in a low voice: "You're right, Rodney. You've got something here. Something almost forgotten—out of our deep past. . . . It's—it's compounded of courage—and faith—and a will to do."

After a moment Rodney spoke out of a satisfied silence: "Yes. They have touched the honesty of solid earth—and now they have no fear."

THE END

HOW TO WIN SICK FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE THEM

Flowers are lovely, but for heaven's sake show just a little originality

BY RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE last thing I expected when I entered the hospital for an operation was that it would leave me with a Mission. But illnesses usually do leave you with something. With men it's often a nurse. But my complication was on a higher plane, more spiritual.

It was the realization that Mr. Dale Carnegie, who discovered that every one wants friends, and who made a lot of money thereby, hadn't said all. Mr. Carnegie gave out with a lot of dandy rules, but his were all for winning people on their feet. This piece goes further. It will tell you how to be glamorous to people flat on their backs, or, in other words, how to win friends in bed.

For instance, haven't you up until now, when you heard that you had a friend sick, rushed to the phone and, depending upon your purse, immediately dispatched anything from six sweet peas to four dozen roses to him or her? And did that leave you feeling fine and generous and convinced that you certainly were the thoughtful type?

Well, you were fine and generous all right, but, honestly, when it comes to thought, you were dutiful but dumb.

Not that I mean to be superior about this. I was a flower-sender myself once. But though I had to learn it the hard way, I now know the other things I could have sent that would have made more of a hit, and all for the expenditure of just a jot of thinking and a mere dollar, or less.

I started gathering this source material one morning while the dawn came up like thunder behind my bouquets. It was my nurse's swearing that woke me. She was softly but fiercely cussing the delphinium.

" Why? " I asked.

" It drops," she said. " Look at this floor. Damn delphinium! It's harder on a nurse than six surgery cases."

From that point on I heard plenty about how nurses hate hauling vases around, carrying them out at night, and sweeping up withered petals.

After it was over, I looked around the room and saw a large blue vase and next to it a white one and next to that a squat brown one. The nurse followed my gaze.

" Those are the flowers your friends have sent," she informed me.

" Where? " I asked, for the vases were quite empty.

" Well, there were flowers, only they withered before you got a chance to be aware of them."

Later in the afternoon, however, fresh bouquets began arriving. They were all gladioli, since it was the gladiolus season. Right there is where you start learning. The flowers that bloom in spring, tra-la, are what you get in the spring, and the summer flowers in the summer, and solid chrysanthemums in the fall. Therefore the friend who makes the greatest hit is the one who remembers this and sends something out of season.

But perhaps it's better to forget flowers entirely and, if your sick friend is a woman, send her hair ribbons instead. Any sick female realizes as soon as she gets a really good bunch of consciousness that her hair looks as if it had gone through a week's battle with salt-water bathing and lost. Yet there the poor creature lies, with her personality doctor looking deep into her infatuated eyes, saying, " No, you must not have a shampoo." If you come tripping by with various lengths and widths of ribbons in the most frivolous colors, she'll tie them around her head and, even if she does have an inkling that she looks as coy as a spinster's valentine, she'll feel better.

Then there is soap. Did you ever smell hospital soap, or, more exactly, non-smell it? Well, for fifty cents you can give a man or a woman a soap that makes him—or her—smell like a movie star at a première.

Next consider eau de Cologne (fifty cents to five dollars). Besides dabbing it on your person, there are scores of hospital uses for eau de Cologne. (It comes in scents like leather and tobacco for men.) It can be sprinkled over the bed sheets and the towels. It is simply wonderful tossed up in the air, to vanquish for an hour or so that hateful hospital odor.

Now, if you have ever been in a hospital you must remember those hospital meals that always taste as though they had been intended to be put up and shipped away under labels reading, " Do Not Open Until Christmas." It costs very little to send little jars of honey, little dabs of jam, various assorted crackers. Almost inevitably the doctors pull that " secondary anemia " gag on the poor patient, and around comes boiled liver, meal after meal. But while broiled tepid liver is a bore, pâté de foie gras certainly isn't. The first makes you feel sick, the second luxurious, and just think of the pleasure you will get in making any one feel luxurious by merely spending a dollar and a quarter!

Both sexes will respond to some alternate rubdown to take the place of that eternal alcohol the hospital furnishes. Hand lotions are swell for this, and while for men you will probably choose the unscented varieties, for women there are several brands that are beautifully perfumed and come in the most luscious colors.

If, however, despite all I've said, you still want to send flowers, here are some recommendations.

A few bouquets of flowers are delightful in the sickroom when the patient is finally convalescent and able to sit up and take a little gossip.

A very charming way to send flowers to a sick woman is to send a flower at a time, daily, let's say, to be worn on the shoulder or as a decoration for her hair.

Flowers can be sent so as to be actually amusing. I had a friend who got a bouquet on the Fourth of July which was shaped like a firecracker, being a great mass of blue cornflowers, white stocks, and scarlet gladioli, with white and scarlet carnations going off like sparks. It was such a lively-looking bouquet that it made every one laugh. And all the visiting doctors had a lovely time picking off the carnations for their buttonholes.

All of which proves the old, old adage. Even with the sick, it's not what you do but how you do it that counts.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

MARGARET WEBSTER is one of our foremost ladies of the stage. She directed the Biblical play Family Portrait—an outstanding success in New York. Took an acting part, too, in the role of Mary Magdalene. Five generations of show business lend Margaret Webster a hereditary skill. Her Shakespearean productions and her presentation of Merrie England were all Broadway hits. . . . She has just told me interesting things about her experience with Family Portrait. . . . All the actresses and actors in the cast reread their Bibles from cover to cover. Evelyn Varden, who plays as Mary Cleophas, enjoyed a head start because she's a habitual Bible reader anyway. Judith Anderson—Madonna of the show—has had to install new bookshelves in her apartment to hold the hundreds of Bibles sent her by admiring people of the audience. . . . Margaret tells me she never saw the stage hands—carpenters, scene shifters, electricians, etc.—hang around and watch a play as absorbedly as at Family Portrait. . . . Edna Ferber and Mrs. Raymond Massey came with only one small handkerchief. They cried their eyes out, and wrestled all through the evening for that sopping hanky.

Between the acts two young men from the top gallery were overheard discussing the character of Judas Iscariot. One never had heard of Judas, so the other explained. " Just a rat, eh," said the first young man. " Do they *get* him? "

How everlastingly contemporary the Great Book is!

☆ While I'm on the subject of theatrical doings, I want to tell you about Helen Christian's hair and marriage. Helen is one of my favorite young actresses — exquisite to look at, and with a swell sense of humor. She now calls herself a *raven blonde.* Her hair is naturally light, but she has dyed it jet-black for her part as Jenny Sneed in the new Broadway play, I Must Love Someone. . . . Two days before the show opened she contracted sudden matrimony with Robert Bishop, who publishes a string of small-town newspapers in the Middle West. Because of the impending first night, there wasn't time for anything formal. Over the week-end they drove to Virginia; were united by a local clergyman with a quaint old Southern drawl. Helen didn't understand a word. Halfway through the service he said, "Stan' up hyar, missy. Yo' cain't git ma-eed sittin' dauwn! " . . . She had been resting on a chair, waiting patiently for her wedding to begin.

☆ A beautiful back is an important asset to any woman in the summertime, when low-cut garb for swimming and country-club dancing reveals so much of our feminine background. Here are four things to do if you want to develop a handsome back: (1) Sleep flat. *No* pillow beneath your head. (2) Breathe deep. Deep breathing does wonders for a caved-in back. (3) Roll on the floor fifteen minutes each morning with a tight-wadded blanket under your shoulder blades. (4) After bathing, rub your back *hard* with a coarse bath towel.

ABSOLUTELY MOTH PROOF
MOTH PROOF
FUR STORAGE

" Maybe it was mice."

☆ Ran into seven nice Australians visiting this country on their way around the world. The party includes a mama, a papa, three daughters, a son, and the son's fiancée. For the young couple the round-the-world trip is a pre-wedding present from papa, and an uncommonly sensible one, it seems to me. Gives them a good long spell of being together at close quarters, same as they'll probably remain for the rest of their lives. Very modern and clear-sighted, they say: " Of course we may change our minds about each other during the trip, but if that happens we've decided not to tell mama and papa until we get back home." Chances of lasting happiness are excellent, I think, for kids like these—smart enough to appreciate their luck when they are " having wonderful time."

☆ Among the new occupational books, I recommend Advertising Careers for Women; edited by Blanche Clair and Dorothy Dignam. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

☆ A new Nazi law renders all German officials " liable to punishment " if they fail to curb the extravagance of their wives. This smacks of carrying coals to Newcastle, adding insult to injury, and trumping your partner's ace. Husbands the wide world over are " liable to punishment " as soon as they *try* to curb wifely extravagance.

☆ Raspberries are at their best now. Try this *Bavarian Raspberry Cream* for your dinner dessert next Sunday: . . . In top part double boiler heat 3 cups milk with ½ cup sugar and small piece lemon rind. When milk is hot add ½ cup washed rice and pinch of salt. Cook until rice becomes tender and milk nearly all absorbed. Now put in 2 tablespoons gelatin soaked in ½ cup water. Also 1 teaspoon almond flavoring and 3 crumbled macaroons. Let cool, then fold in 1 cup whipped cream. Pour into mold. Chill well. Serve with generous helpings fresh raspberries crushed and sweetened to make a juicy sauce.

Helen Jacobs playing a hard match at Wimbledon, England.

TENNIS IS A DUB'S GAME

Words of cheer from a champion to us who just play for the fun of it

BY HELEN HULL JACOBS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT was the day of the Wimbledon Ladies' Singles final. I was playing, and I was late. I was also nervous because I knew that my opponent, Hilde Sperling, could run forever and seldom missed a shot. The match would be a long and rather dismal struggle.

When my car pulled up at a stop light near Wimbledon, I saw some young girls with rackets under their arms. Evidently they were on their way to the public courts. I thought how lucky they were, going out to play as much or as little as they liked—no nervousness, no obligation to themselves to win because the press had written that they never would.

I don't want to give the impression that I don't enjoy tournament tennis. I do. But I want to say that there are compensations for being a dub, and that tennis is the least irritating game in the world at which to be mediocre.

I think an expert player suffers more agony over a bad performance than any dub making a monkey of himself in a social game of tennis. Take my Wimbledon final mentioned above. This was my fifth final in the Ladies' Singles, and I couldn't help thinking of the reporters' comments that I was a perennial runner-up, very likely destined never to win the championship. When I started to rally with Hilde before our match began, my throat was so dry that it hurt, and my heart would suddenly start pounding with excitement. This had never happened to me before, and I think it may have been a sort of premonition that I would win. Nevertheless I went through the torments of an uninitiated player's first Wimbledon appearance. Before we began, I looked up at the gallery and envied the spectators, too, because they could watch without caring who won.

After I had hit the first service I was all right until I got to 7-6, 40-15 in the third set. I took a long shot on a line placement and missed. 40-30. Then Hilde aced me in the backhand corner with a scorching drive. Deuce. I couldn't help remembering that I had had just such a lead once before in a Wimbledon final and lost. Something like panic began to creep over my concentration. My eye wandered to the faces of the spectators. I imagined that they were reflecting a disappointment in my fighting ability, and it shamed me. I never played so hard to win anything as I did to take the next two points.

Driving home in the car after the match was over, I saw the same young girls walking down the street toward Hammersmith Broadway. I didn't wish to be in their shoes this time, but I am sure they had more real fun than I did.

The most unpleasant tennis experience I ever had—it nearly persuaded me to give up the game—was at the Hungarian Championships in Budapest. Any one who saw me play my first round there would have been convinced that I was a dub.

Shortly before going to Hungary, I had been practicing at Wimbledon, and I had never been more hopeful. I knew that if I played in the Hungarian tournament I would probably meet Jadwiga Jedrzejowska, and I wanted to avenge myself for a recent defeat at her hands in the French Championships. After my first match I thought I'd be lucky to get to the last eight. I couldn't serve, I couldn't drive, and I couldn't hit an overhand to save my life.

Most of the local players in the first two rounds of these small international tournaments are easy prey for any one with a claim to ranking. They allow their names to be entered only to increase the number of matches. Any good player would have beaten me without trouble. As it was, I scraped through to the final. If it hadn't rained, that final would have taken about twenty minutes, so mercilessly did Jadwiga dispose of me.

I know what my best is, and I don't mind seeing it beaten; but I do mind when my game disintegrates within the space of an hour and I am helpless to prevent it. What I want to be able to do is to direct the ball at will, according to the strategy I have decided upon for a match. The dub is contented to keep the ball in court, and if he wins a point with a high shot to the backhand instead of a sizzling drive down the line, he doesn't care. He enjoys it just the same. That's real fun at the game—pleasure independent of skill. That's the dub's blessing.

The dub usually feels that he is no practice for a good player. One of the

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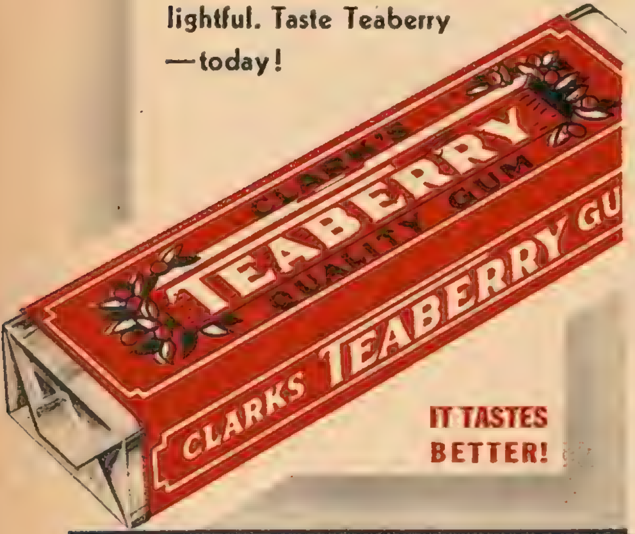

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best winters' training I ever had was last year against a friend who might be put in the dub category. While he never put any pace on the ball, he gave me more shots to hit than one generally gets in a match. He ran for everything, and I could see his determination to get the ball over the net, no matter how he hit it.

In contrast with that, I practiced the following spring with Bunny Austin in England. Our rallies were so short, due to Bunny's perfection of timing and his uncanny accuracy of placement, that I might as well not have gone out, for all the good it did me aside from the pleasure of playing against him.

I have often had dubs who have been to Wimbledon or Forest Hills say to me that when they went out to play, after watching the champions, their games were fifty per cent better. The sense of imitation is responsible for this. They had a definite thing on which to concentrate—and concentration is something the average dub's game generally lacks.

I HAD this dub's experience myself after the 1937 National Championships in which Gottfried von Cramm played. I disliked my own forehand intensely. I disliked the way I knew it looked and the way it felt. I thought of Bill Tilden's description of me when I hit it—"Brunhilde with a shovel"—and I decided not to hit anything but forehands for a month. I asked Donald Budge for advice. He answered, "Watch Gottfried. He's got the most perfect forehand in the world."

So I did. I not only watched him—I took action pictures of his forehand, and got him to show me his grip and explain the mechanics of his shot. When I went home, I tried to play my forehand the way he played his. I copied, to the best of my ability, every movement of his arms and his feet during the process of making the shot. I had no idea that my forehand drive looked like Gottfried's, but for once in my life it satisfied me, and it continued to satisfy me for most of the next season.

If I were a dub again—I frequently fall into this category even now—I would pick out a player whose game I admired and start a campaign of imitation. I wouldn't try to make the shots that the expert makes, but I would endeavor to hit the ball in the same manner. I would develop style and let accuracy come with practice. Any one can develop good style. That is merely a matter of patience. Concentration on form will bring a semblance of it in a short time, and the real thing in a few months, because style is a matter of co-ordination and timing and concentration. If the dub is willing to see the ball sail over the backstops without giving up the attempt at style, half his battle is won.

Dubs and experts alike find that the most difficult thing to maintain is accurate timing. To the expert, timing may mean hitting the ball on the rise; to the dub, it may mean hitting the ball as it drops. Whichever it means, there is a way of controlling it which I have found to be very useful. I discovered it by accident when I was forced to play a match in time to a band playing for a local fair. At first the band music distracted me so much that it was impossible to concentrate. Then it played something that had a very quick and definite beat. Since I couldn't stop the music, I decided to play in time to it. Doing this, I began to hit the ball quicker, and as a result got much more speed on my shots. I began to have more confidence, too, and I realized that the reason was this: whether a ball came fast or slow to my court, I was hitting it with the same interval of time between the bounce in my court and the impact with my racket. Now, if you listen carefully to the sounds of the bounce and impact, and, when you make a shot that you approve of, try to fix in your mind the interval of time there was between them, and say to yourself, "Bounce—hit," with the same interval between, regardless of the pace of the ball as it bounces and you hit, your timing will be uniform and you will notice a growing control of it.

You will also be more keenly alert to your opponent's timing, which is a probable indication of the speed of his shot and of his intention either to go to the net or remain in the backcourt; for the quicker a player hits the ball, the faster will it come to you; and the longer he waits to hit it, the more likely is he to take the pace off his shot and be forced to remain on the base line.

You will watch the ball more closely. I don't know why this is so, unless your concentration on timing unconsciously forces you to watch the ball, and when you watch it right on to your racket strings, you are following the prime rule of the experts.

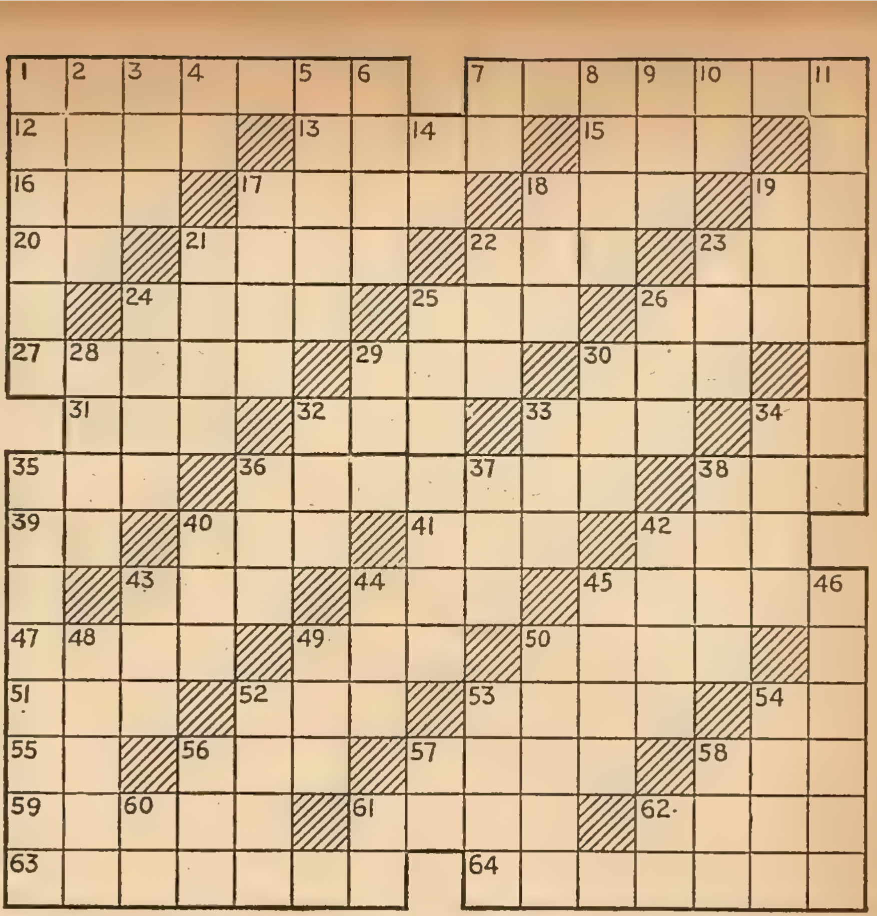
THE dub who is faithful to this rule will improve his game a hundred per cent. No longer will he swing and miss the ball completely. Further than that, if he will watch the ball on to his opponent's racket, he will find himself anticipating his opponent's returns, and, instead of being caught flat-footed, will be on the move, in the right direction, almost as soon as the opponent has hit the ball.

This doesn't mean that the dub will be able to swing into the ball and send it like a bullet down the side line the way Donald Budge does, but he will be able to reduce his expenditure of effort, increase his accuracy, and give his attention to strategy, which is really more fun than consistently pounding the cover off the ball. While he may remain a dub, he will enjoy the game more, because it will have some meaning apart from hitting a white ball into a rectangle across the net. And since the majority of people in the world who play tennis are dubs, they are the ones for whom the game should be made more enjoyable.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane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63 64

HORIZONTAL

1 Food fit for a king (two words; pl.)
7 Hangout for 1939 peach crop (pl.)
12 M
13 Boid that gets woim
15 Cram the lobes with nonsense
16 Lactic Lil the Grass Gorger
17 Stomach rumble powder
18 One thing Mussolini isn't
19 Father's cry
20 Two for company
21 Society for saloon
22 Buzzer Washington big shots are hearing constantly these days
23 Coat she wore to the nudist camp
24 Kind of gal hard on the knees
25 Two-legged tank
26 What Galento got out of Louis
27 Sound of a banjo by moonlight
29 Lowest things about morons (abbr.)
30 Only thing to stop a bum comedian
31 Cooling System
32 I often go round with it
33 Hip plush
34 Mother's cry
35 Edward—his life was an open one!
36 What Mr. Katz isn't when he makes love
38 Honolulu goulash
39 A gal in two letters
40 Busy signal at the factory
41 It's short but it's forever
42 100-per-cent cooler inside this
43 This is colossal
44 The sound of shuteye by night
45 Irish carpet
47 No go
49 Outstanding in women's shoes
50 This can be the cause of acute indigestion
51 Get on the nerves
52 Vocal vegetable, served on ham
53 What Swedish bakers make
54 It ends sharp at midnight (abbr.)
55 Ecstatic Onion-eaters (abbr.)
56 Pocket jingle
57 A Scotch original
58 A Spanish couple
59 Dog handle
61 Well known major
62 Disarming woman
63 Nut that holds a driving wheel
64 It's on the rise, due to inflation

VERTICAL

1 Bottle cry
2 Two pair of empty glasses
3 You can't get one without pull
4 Scaly thing
5 Lefty Gomez' nickname
6 Keeps liers on edge
7 Where people are always going
8 What Dr. Paine gives us
9 What chicken coquettes are
10 Hi-de
11 Settlement extremely unsettled
14 Long's Area (abbr.)
17 Waltzed in a canoe
18 If it's won at love it's sex to nothing
19 Biped—moody, quarrelsome, carnivorous
21 It takes a licking
22 Lactic Lil in fancy form
23 Policeman's favorite game
24 You can always get one out of a bronco
25 This play is best pulled in the dark
26 Walloping willow
28 "Felis leo," the Zulu muncher
29 Electrified squidgem
30 Common cause of heart trouble (fem.)
32 Double it and get a tree sat under in an old popular song
33 It'd be cheaper if women'd start raising their own
34 Lilting Lily
35 All he got for taking her rowing (pl.)
36 This has a pull along the water front
37 Red Kelly
38 Goat's crooning spot
40 Sally Rand covers it with a wiggle
42 Wise guy (abbr.)
43 Common cause of heart trouble (masc.)
44 Place to keep wild dictators
45 All sensitive people keep one, get mad if you get it
46 Old-time House-wrecking Corp.
48 A bunch of Mars boys
49 Measure of descending brick
50 Sunburn butter
52 Ornithological form of criticism
53 What Gramper called a leg
54 Galloping golf
56 Where bad swing originates
57 Crossword river
58 Department of Idlers Organization (abbr.)
60 The end of love
61 He buries his mistakes (abbr.)
62 Mabel without her Abe

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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MARES SPATS GHOST
IDEAL CANOE RARER
NO■REWON■RELAY■RU
UPS■EAT■SPRAT■GUM
STEEPS■SHE■DECAMP
 GAS■SPODE■SUM
STAR■EPITOME■DUMB
TORNADOES■IRA■TAR
ON■SPANS■INERT■RA
RAN■EMS■ERECTIONS
ELAN■SOLVENT■TIES
 COD■RIANT■PAL
MORRIS■ODE■GENETS
ERE■VERNE■FAN■DAW
AD■SETEE■BARNS■BI
NEWER ASPER OPALS
TREAT PSALM NAMES
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Last week's answer

SH-H-H! NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH!
THAT'S WHY CAROL WAS UNPOPULAR
I WISH I'D NEVER COME ON THIS CRUISE! I HATE IT! EVERYBODY'S SO STAND-OFFISH--
NO, THEY AREN'T, CAROL --REALLY!
BUT YOU MAKE IT HARD FOR PEOPLE TO LIKE YOU, CAROL. I KNOW NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH, BUT--WELL--WON'T YOU TALK TO THE SHIP'S DENTIST ABOUT IT?
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COME ON, TED--GIVE THE REST OF US A BREAK! EVERY MAN ON BOARD'S WAITING TO DANCE WITH CAROL, YOU KNOW!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

MATINEE TODAY

Liberty's Short Short

BY MATT TAYLOR

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

BECAUSE it was a matinee day the maid waked her at noon, propping her up in bed and setting her breakfast before her. The vanity mirror gave back her image. She looked tired and worn out. It wasn't merely last night—it was the countless nights of the past dozen years. They went with her success on the stage; they were an inseparable part of that success. She wondered which she would miss the more—the excitement of her after-theater life or the never-waning thrill of each night's performance. She had only a few years left. The youngsters were crowding her; each season her importance dimmed. She was still a name on Broadway, but Broadway names fade, once they start, so terribly fast.

She had told herself often she wouldn't mind when it came. She had never been more specific than that. But this morning her image in the mirror pinned her down. Settle down? Settle down to what?

Her head throbbed and she closed her eyes. It would pass, she told herself. It was just that she had seen Bill Travis last night after all this time. Saw him flushed and excited, not quite at ease in his stiff shirt and tails, sitting at the head of the long table in the most exclusive night club in town, and beside him the woman he had married. The headwaiter had smiled and whispered about it. Suburban people, he supposed. Married ten years, giving this party for their friends. They had made reservations a fortnight ago.

The woman who was a Broadway name interrupted him curtly. When she danced with the English playwright who was her escort she moved slowly past the long table and the laughing couple at the head of it. Her eyes met Bill Travis' eyes and his moved on without recognition. He turned back to his wife. His wife was typical. She looked so—so settled.

The maid came for her tray. "Matinee today, Miss Gladys," she said. "You need to get feelin' good. A long shower and a good rub. You better let me—"

"Later, Martha. Leave me now."

She climbed from bed. She was so dizzy she could hardly stand. She was really played out. But she hadn't missed a performance yet. The youngster who was her understudy was ready to step right in, and dying for the chance. She was an eager dark-eyed girl waiting for her start. You could just see her longing for it.

The woman sat at the edge of the bed wondering whether she should see it through or let the understudy take over. And suddenly, without knowing why, she remembered the letter. She found it in her bureau, packed with old programs. On the envelope was neatly written:

> Letter written on New Year's Eve, 1927, by Gladys Henry, understudy and nobody, to Gladys Henry, famous actress—when and if she ever is.

She fixed herself on the chaise longue and began to read:

> It's the New Year spirit, I suppose, that makes me write this. You see, I don't want you to forget, Gladys Henry, now that you're at the top, what it was like for you at the bottom. Remember when you were an understudy and how badly you wanted a start?

She put down the letter. She *had* forgotten, really. Those endless nights of hoping for a chance to play the part. Of sitting in the last row of the orchestra or standing back in the wings, watching the show, reading every line to herself along with the actress she was understudying. Following every movement. Feeling every shade of emotion with the girl on the stage. The endless waiting and the endless hoping.

> I've been waiting two years now. I can't stand it much longer. I'll quit and marry Bill Travis, and that means I'll give up the stage for good. Bill's that kind. Perhaps I love him and could be happy. I don't know. I only know I love the stage more. I don't want to be dull and settled for the rest of my life.

Bill Travis used to sit with her in the theater evening after evening. He couldn't understand what made her love it so. And then she had her chance and the promise of a real part the next season. She told Bill then that she would never leave the stage, and they said good-by. And now she could see him standing before her and hear his laughter and the young eagerness in his voice. She had married three times since she said that good-by. They were men of charm whom she liked and even loved for a while. It was all they expected or wanted. They didn't try to make it last, the way Bill would have done.

> It may not seem to mean much, playing a part for one or a few performances. But it would give me new courage. I'd really belong then. I could go on trying. Do you remember feeling that way?

She remembered. One night on Broadway could loom so big. It gave you a sense of a foothold. It might be the beginning of something important.

> So you see why I'm writing this. If you ever read it, you'll be on the top. You can help some other kid get her chance for success.

The woman arose and crossed to the mirror. The tired masklike face she saw frightened her. She crumpled the letter angrily. "A chance for success! My kind of success, I suppose? Oh, what do kids know!"

She turned to ring for the maid. She'd do this matinee if she died on her feet. She'd keep this other kid from—

But there was another paragraph. She smoothed the letter and read:

> Please, please don't forget! Every kid deserves a chance. How it turns out isn't the point. That's up to her, and luck, and maybe God. But it's so awful to be young and not to have a chance!

She stood there a moment. Then she went swiftly to the phone and called the theater. The understudy, she said, would have to take over until further notice. She herself was much too ill.

When she had finished phoning she poured a drink from the decanter on the table. She shouldn't, of course, so early in the day. But she could imagine that girl's face when they told her the news. She raised the glass and said: "Here's luck, youngster! Better luck than I had!"

THE END

On the Air!

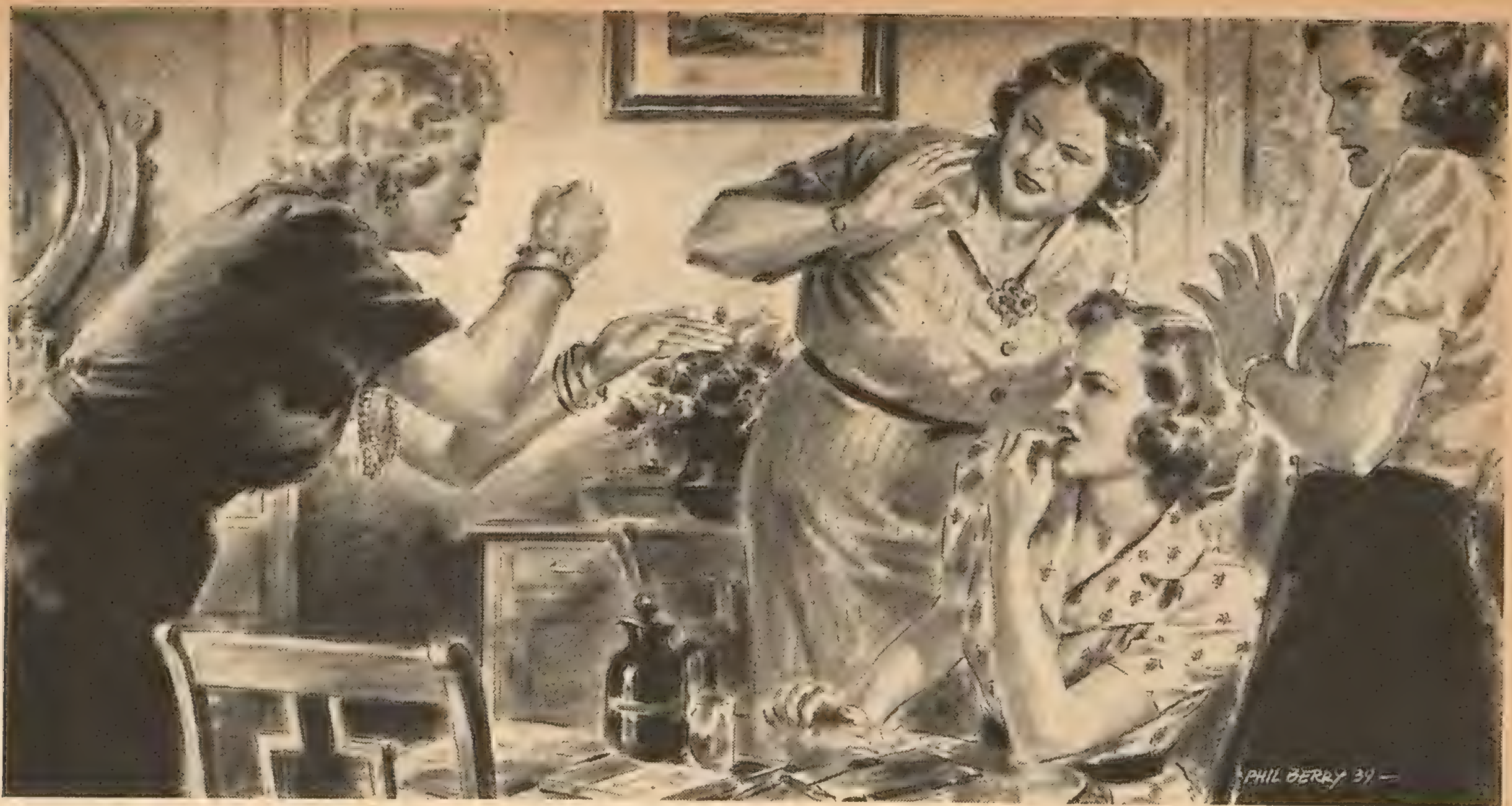
Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



Grace's bond was set aside after a complaint that she had "cursed three women witnesses for the government."

Purge IN HOT SPRINGS

At last the G-men catch up with those curious officials and their crooked pals

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

IN the fall of 1935 Dutch Akers pulled a fast one, even for him.

For months, Alvin Karpis, nationally notorious robber, kidnaper, and underworld leader, had ridden about the streets of Hot Springs, Arkansas, with his thugs and prostitutes in a brand-new Hudson car bearing an Ohio license. He had parked this car daily and nightly on the main street of the town, in front of the most notorious disorderly house in the whole Southwest.

Chief of Detectives Akers and Identification Officer Brock, whose practice it was to cruise about the city listing out-of-state licenses, had passed this conspicuous new Ohio Hudson at least two hundred times—and, so far as their reports showed, they never saw it.

Then, suddenly, at 9 A. M. on October 2, the chief of detectives dropped by the police station and told Cecil Brock that he wanted him to ride out to Dyer's Landing on Lake Hamilton to check the number of a car. Dyer's Landing was where Karpis and his gang lived when they were not reveling in the casinos and brothels of Hot Springs.

Arriving at the gangsters' cottage, Akers ordered Brock to take down the license number of one of the three cars parked in the yard. Then, without making any record of the other two, the two officers started back to town.

Of the cars Akers had ignored, one was a local belonging to Grace Goldstein, Karpis' paramour and far-famed proprietress of Hot Springs' leading brothel, in the Hatterie Hotel. Akers was doubtless already familiar with the number and history of this automobile. But the other car, which belonged to the Karpis mobster Harry Campbell, was brand-new, was a Hudson, and bore an Ohio license number. It was, in fact, exactly like Karpis' except for the numerals on the plates.

Yet Akers, who pretended never to have seen Karpis' car before, or Campbell's either, picked out the former without a moment's hesitation and rode away.

Back at the police station, Akers kept up his play-acting by instructing Brock to check with the Ohio authorities as to the ownership of the car. Brock wired the motor vehicle officials at Columbus, Ohio, and learned that the license was in the name of one E. F. Parker of 323 North Phelps St., Youngstown, Ohio. Brock then wired the Youngstown Police Department and learned that Parker was unknown at that address.

On October 5, having made this businesslike record of his efficiency and devotion to duty, Akers notified the Little Rock office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation that a man named Parker was living at Dyer's Landing, and that he suspected that this man was Alvin Karpis. He gave no reason for his suspicion.

Immediately two agents of the

Little Rock division proceeded to Hot Springs and conducted an investigation at Dyer's Landing. After watching the house for several hours and seeing no activity there, they proceeded to Mrs. Dyer's cottage and talked to Morris Loftis, the caretaker, from whom they learned that the occupants of the cottage they were watching had left, apparently for California, on October 2, the day that Akers and Brock had ridden out to take the license number of the car.

Months later it was discovered that Karpis and his pals Harry Campbell, Fred Hunter, and Sam Coker did not actually leave Hot Springs on October 2, as they told the people at the Landing they were going to do, but simply moved their belongings to Grace Goldstein's establishment in the Hatterie Hotel, where they continued to take their ease until daylight on October 4.

Henry Dow Wood, an employee of a transfer and storage company at Hot Springs, who testified at the subsequent trial of Akers and the others to having moved Grace's cedar chest, luggage, and a piece of carpet to the Dyer's Landing cottage, was asked:

"Did you move anything away?"

"Practically the same things and an outboard motor."

"Where did you take them?"

"To the Hatterie."

Wood then identified a picture of Karpis as the "man who gave me a tip in the Hatterie for the moving job."

TWO blonde girls living at Grace Goldstein's establishment, Ginger Morgan and Greta Gilstrap, testified that Karpis, Hunter, Coker, and Campbell, together with the women at Grace Goldstein's, had a big party on the day and night of October 3, and Karpis was warned by Campbell not to drink too much, as they had a long drive ahead. These gangsters did not tell the women where they were going, but all left together in their two Hudson cars at daylight on the morning of October 4.

The following day, as we have seen, Akers made his play with the F. B. I.

In the long run, this first and apparently fruitless investigation by the special agents of the F. B. I., and the carefully manufactured telegraphic evidence which Akers handed them, were important factors in substantiating the charges against Akers, Wakelin, and Brock. But, at the time, Akers and his confederates had every reason to believe that they had thrown the G-men permanently off the Hot Springs trail.

A suspicious character had shown up at the lake; Akers had reported him; investigation showed that he was no longer there; and if that was the case, there was no longer any reason for the federal authorities to mess around in Hot Springs affairs. It was all very simple.

But those pesky fellows the newspaper reporters still had to be quieted. Mrs. Dyer, who was away at the time, said that when she returned to Hot Springs the newspapers there had stories about a hunt having been made for Karpis and his gang, and that the papers quoted Chief Wakelin as saying an investigation had been made and that it had been found the person involved was a frequent visitor from Illinois. She said the papers carried Karpis' picture.

"We thought it odd," she added, "because Loftis [her caretaker] told me the local officers had not made any investigation at our place."

On October 13, 1935, the Associated Press carried a story to the effect that Alvin Karpis and some members of his gang had been residing in a cottage on Lake Hamilton. This was bad. But the Hot Springs outfit was equal to the emergency. In an official press release Chief of Police Wakelin, "Honest Old Joe," announced that those persons thought to have been members of the Alvin Karpis gang were in reality some visitors from the East who had been visiting Hot Springs since 1932. And once more all was quiet among the Ozarks and the Ouachitas.

It is easy now, from the vantage point of elapsed time, to see what had happened. Akers, realizing that several Hot Springs citizens had recognized Karpis and might at any moment go with their information—over his head and that of his corrupt chief, Joe Wakelin—to the F. B. I., had decided that he would beat them to it and throw the authorities completely off the scent by staging his little comedy at the Landing. As an added precaution, in case he should be accused later of conspiring to harbor Karpis, he would complete his record of co-operation with the F. B. I. by handing over to the special agents the telegrams exchanged between his office and the Ohio officials.

It is also easy now, when we know the detailed history of the Hot Springs officers' participation in this criminal conspiracy and of their all-round corruption—a history built up later point by point in months of patient investigation by the F. B. I., *after* Hoover's men had discovered their perfidy and after they had sent Karpis to the Rock—it is easy, I repeat, to ask why the F. B. I. agents did not suspect Akers at the time. But it must be remembered that Chief of Detectives Herbert "Dutch" Akers was one of the outstanding law-enforcement officers of the country, who had earned his title of "super-sleuth" by long years of conspicuously successful detective work.

IN spite of the fact that the confidence man Galatas had accused Akers of collusion in the attempt to "spring" Frank Nash back in 1933, he was in 1935, or rather was believed to be, one of those pillars of law enforcement on which the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with its limited personnel, is forced to lean. In the Southwest he was the chief pillar.

The events we have been narrating occurred in October, 1935. In the early part of November, Karpis and Hunter participated in the Garrettsville, Ohio, mail robbery and got approximately $34,000. Immediately after this robbery they returned to their haven in Hot Springs, where they could spend their money freely without fear of molestation by the police. Karpis returned by airplane, but only after Hunter had come on ahead to "case the joint" and make sure that the police and Grace Goldstein still had the situation well in hand.

Grace had been worried. She had made trips out to the Landing to assure Mrs. Dyer and Loftis that the rumors about "the boys" were all wrong. She had continued to deny their identity to her girls. But the frequent appearances of Karpis' photographs in magazines and newspapers were disquieting. According to her testimony at the trial, she had not known Karpis' real name until this time, when she faced him with the pictures and he admitted his identity. It is possible, of course, that this was so, though she must have known that she was harboring a fugitive from justice, and one who was willing to pay high for protection. Anyhow, with the F. B. I. already tentatively in the case, she was scared.

NEVERTHELESS, Karpis came back; and shortly afterward a "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," later identified as Karpis and the Goldstein woman, rented a cottage at 124 Club Street, in a select section of Hot Springs, where both they and their policemen friends were less likely to be observed than at the Hatterie. Under cover of this new respectability, the pair lived much the same life as before, varied only by occasional automobile and airplane trips to different parts of the country. Sometimes Grace and Karpis went on those journeys, sometimes Karpis alone, sometimes Karpis, Hunter, Grace, and Hunter's girl friend Connie Morris.

One witness testified that on one occasion she recognized a well known airplane pilot as he walked into the house and later came out to the car with luggage, accompanied by Alvin Karpis, and that approximately one week later she saw the pilot return with Karpis, who proceeded with his baggage into the house at 124 Club Street. A few minutes after the gangster's arrival, Dutch Akers and Joseph Wakelin arrived in the Hot Springs Police Department car and entered the house, where they all stayed for some thirty or forty minutes.

"I recognized two of their visitors as Akers and Wakelin," testified the owner of the house, who lived next door. "They came to the cottage just before the Smiths moved away."

"What did you notice on the occasion of the Akers-Wakelin visit?"

"I noticed Wakelin had a couple of newspapers in his hand."

Earlier the government had introduced evidence that newspapers were then carrying pictures of Karpis and news stories of the hunt for him.

Shortly thereafter the "Smiths" did move out. But there were reasons more serious than the continued publication of Karpis' picture in the newspapers for their acting quickly on this latest police tip-off. An agent of the F. B. I. had again brought photographs of Alvin Karpis to Hot Springs and had again interviewed Mrs. Al C. Dyer of Dyer's Landing.

Dutch Akers, learning of this, and sensing that the F. B. I., in spite of all his cleverness, intended to conduct further investigation in Hot Springs, apparently advised Karpis and Grace Goldstein to find a safer hide-out than 124 Club Street. On February 10, Alvin Karpis rented the Woodcock place on Malvern Road, Lake Catherine, very close to Akers' lakeside cottage.

In the examination of Grace Goldstein at the trial, the government contended that this particular cottage had previously been used as a hide-out by Baby-Face Nelson, and that Karpis chose it "because it was on the same road as Akers' Acres." Grace Goldstein insisted the place was chosen because it offered "privacy," an element which neither she nor her gangster friends had previously considered essential for leading a high, wide, and handsome life in Hot Springs.

THE tenants of the lakeside hide-out, flush as a result of their Ohio mail-robbery activities, paid six months' rent in advance. Six weeks later the G-men raided the cottage, but found it empty. The Hot Springs tip-off system had worked again!

It seems that certain inquiries that were made at this time into Connie Morris' activities were the chief cause of alarm both to the gangsters and to the local authorities. Connie had been "propositioned" by a local taxicab driver, who had recognized Karpis and Hunter, to help turn the gangsters in to the F. B. I. and split the rewards with him; and because of this fact "the boys" were becoming a bit leery of her. In fact, her paramour, Hunter, had taken to treating her rough.

Grace Goldstein's testimony at the trial, as set forth in the newspapers of the day, is the best evidence on this point. "I came in one night," said Grace, "and Connie and Hunter were fighting. He beat her up good, and she said she was going to try and get away. She went to town with me the next day, and went to the Hatterie.

"Somebody told her that some inspectors were looking for Hunter. I was scared to death and went back to the Woodcock place to tell Karpis. 'Go back and get her and bring her here,' he told me. So I went back to town, using a long and little used road.

"Karpis told me he and Hunter would be parked by the road to see if anybody was following me when I returned, but not to stop if I saw them. I got Connie and brought her back to the Woodcock place.

"I was afraid of them, and they said they were going to leave and told Connie she had to go or else. I thought they might kill her.

Important New Findings Show How to Reduce Fatigue

ONE of the most interesting of recent developments in the field of nutritional science is the finding that muscular endurance can be increased and fatigue postponed by merely adding to the daily diet a small amount of plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine. This highly concentrated food contains certain food elements which, it has been found, can be stored in the muscle tissues themselves. Thus, this added supply of energy food is available for immediate use as the muscles require it.

While this might seem of most particular interest to athletes, actually it is of almost equal importance even to desk workers. They have more physical energy left for golf, tennis, dancing or other health-giving forms of recreational exercise.

Empty one envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass three-quarters filled with cold water or fruit juice (or half water and half fruit juice).

How many sets of tennis can you play?

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"After remaining at the Woodcock place that afternoon, Ed (Grace in her testimony used the gangsters' real names and their assumed names interchangeably; Ed was Karpis and Harold was Hunter) packed some clothing, but Connie left with just what she had on.

"Harold and Connie left together that night after dark in his coupé, and Ed left in his sedan. I stayed there and went back to the Hatterie the next day."

She then told of taking a maid to the place and removing her things, including two alligators.

"You mean alligator bags?"

"No; two live alligators about eighteen inches long. [They were pets of Karpis.] I was scared to death, and the maid was too, and we had a terrible time getting them in a box."

All this happened on March 26, while the F. B. I. was preparing to raid the hide-out.

"About a week after the raid," continued the Goldstein woman, "Ed, Harold, and Connie came back to Hot Springs and phoned me to meet them on the highway. I rented a car, and got stuck in the mud near where a bridge was being built. They must have thought I had been caught, for they came down the road and found me. We drove to a tourist court at Arkadelphia, where we spent the night; but I didn't go on with them the next day, as I had to go back to tell my housekeeper I was going on a trip."

She left Hot Springs later, she said, and met Karpis in Audubon Park at New Orleans at the Seals, joining him and the others for a trip of about two weeks along the Gulf Coast and into Florida.

"We bought a new car and went fishing at Biloxi, Gulfport, and at Sarasota."

At Sarasota they joined a "fishing rodeo" for two days, renting a yacht at fifty dollars a day for that time. When it was over, Grace had caught a large fish, and "they wanted my picture for the papers, but Ed wouldn't let them take it."

SHE said that during this trip Connie became sick.

"They had just about agreed to kill her and throw her in the swamp," said Grace. "They said she was just a nuisance."

Evidently the thugs thought better of this bloodthirsty plan, for on their way home they left Connie Morris in New Orleans to complete her recovery, and drove the still healthy Grace back to Hot Springs. Then they returned to New Orleans to the sick Connie and to what turned out to be the end of their trail.

The arrest of Karpis and Hunter by G-men in New Orleans and the preparation of the government's cases against these infamous criminals is an F. B. I. saga in itself. But in this story of the hell that was Hot Springs it is enough to know that Fred Hunter, for his part in the Ohio mail-train robbery, got thirty years, and that Alvin Karpis, for his part in the kidnaping of William H. Hamm, Jr., got Alcatraz for life.

The principal characters in this tale are not the professional criminals who profited by the Hot Springs situation, but the amateur criminals who created it—the prostitute Goldstein, the police chief Wakelin, the identification officer Brock, and the "supersleuth" Akers.

On them the chief effect of the arrest and conviction of their late guests—aside from a doubtless considerably reduced income—was that the energies of the special agents of the F. B. I., engaged for months in the successful breaking up of the Karpis-Barker gang, were now loosed exclusively on the conspirators who had so long harbored the leader of that gang.

AS the result of the investigation which Hoover and his men made, the sordid story of life in Hot Springs under the Akers-Wakelin regime was skillfully uncovered and patiently pieced together. But so firmly entrenched were these Hot Springs corruptions that the task was not completed and the offenders brought to trial until October of last year.

Of the four defendants — Akers, Wakelin, Brock, and Goldstein—only Grace took the stand. From the beginning, with her flamboyant clothes and snooty manner, she was quite the most colorful figure at the trial. So colorful did she prove, not only in court but out, that no one was greatly surprised when Federal Judge T. C. Trimble, on motion of Prosecutor Isgrig, remanded her to jail for the duration of the trial. The newspaper announcement—which didn't tell the half of it—read:

"The $10,000 bond of Mrs. Goldstein was set aside after District Attorney Isgrig complained she had cursed three women witnesses for the government Friday night at their room in the Hotel Freiderica. Mrs. Goldstein was placed in the Pulaski county jail last night and will be placed in jail each night for the remainder of the trial."

There were several other instances, related in the newspaper accounts of the trial, of apparent intimidation of witnesses, which could not be dealt with so directly.

A former policeman, who had testified to the presence of Karpis' "wanted" picture on the door of police headquarters, said he could not remember how long it had been on display. In response to repeated questions by Prosecutor Isgrig, he asserted he could not remember telling the prosecutor privately several days before that other Karpis pictures were on display in the city, one of them at the post office.

When the questioning became insistent, defense counsel objected that the government was attempting to impeach its own witness and was conducting a cross-examination of the witness.

"I *am* cross-examining him!" Isgrig exclaimed, and swinging on the witness asked:

"Who has been talking to you?"

"Nobody."

"You still live in Hot Springs, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you hope to get back on the Hot Springs police force?"

"No, sir."

The witness was then excused.

Mrs. Goldstein's landlord, who admitted renting the premises to her at 123 Palm Street, was asked:

"And you ordered her to vacate that property?"

"I did not."

Obviously surprised, the district attorney pressed the question in several forms, and finally asked:

"Didn't you tell me about ordering her out of the place last Monday in my office?"

"I was referring to another date and another tenant. I was not talking about Mrs. Goldstein."

"Did you know it was a house of prostitution?"

"I did not."

"Didn't you hang around the place yourself?"

"I did not."

"To whom have you talked since talking with me Monday?"

"Nobody."

"You are in business at this time in Hot Springs?"

"Yes."

"And you know that it wouldn't be good for you—"

The defense interrupted with an objection, which was sustained by the Court, and the witness was excused.

BUT, aside from these obstructionist tactics, the brief testimony of two women officeholders, and Grace's own story, which was as unbelievable as her hair-do, the defense had no case. And the government's summing up, delivered by Prosecuting Attorney Isgrig, showed how ridiculous the pleas of the defense lawyers were in the face of the obvious facts.

Recalling that the lawyers had admitted that Grace Goldstein harbored Karpis but denied there was any conspiracy, the United States attorney said that the defense was attempting to make Mrs. Goldstein the "fall guy" in the case, letting her "take the rap" for all four.

Mr. Isgrig made light of assertions by Grover T. Owens, lawyer for Wakelin, that the latter was "an honest old man," saying that if Wakelin were honest Karpis would never have been harbored in Hot Springs.

"If Joe Wakelin was an honest man they could not have done it," he said, "because he was the boss and they would not have put over a job on the chief.

"Grace could not have harbored him without the help of the Police Department, and you know that. She would not have taken the risk."

Evidently the jury agreed with the district attorney, because it promptly brought in a verdict of guilty, and Judge Trimble sentenced all to serve

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two years each in a federal penitentiary. Connie Morris, who had previously pleaded guilty to the charge of conspiring with the others to harbor Karpis, got off with a year and a day.

Apparently the only person directly or indirectly connected with the defense who commanded the sympathy of the public was Mrs. Herbert Akers, wife of the "super-sleuth" who had so blatantly betrayed his trust—and hers. "Mrs. Akers," recorded the press, "sitting in a corner of the crowded courtroom, wept softly as the court clerk droned the words of the verdicts."

For the Federal Bureau of Investigation these convictions were the last in the notable series of successful prosecutions which marked the end of the notorious Karpis-Barker gang. But the two principal figures in the Hot Springs mess still had other charges to face. Dutch Akers was subsequently charged with similarly harboring a fugitive by the name of T. N. Norris, and sentenced to serve an additional two years in a United States penitentiary. Grace Goldstein was subsequently tried on a violation of the White Slave Traffic Act for transporting her little niece, Margaret, from her home in Blossom, Texas, to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where she persuaded her to engage in prostitution. For this hideous crime she was sentenced to serve five additional years in a United States penitentiary.

As for Hot Springs itself, that long-suffering community, it is no longer the hell that man had made of it. Thanks to J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men, it is—and if its aroused citizens have their way it always will be—the heaven on earth that God intended it should be!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

1—Frank Morgan.

2—No; it would mean that he was ostracized by his fellows.

3—The village blacksmith, in a poem by Longfellow.

4—W. Warren Barbour, United States senator from New Jersey.

5—Eight: Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, and Montana.

6—Wheat.

7—The South Pole.

8—The Sioux.

9—The parrot, banned by New York State.

10—Ten years.

11—A coat of paint.

12—Traffic keeps to the left in Europe.

13—Yachting.

14—A scalloped dish with a browned covering of crumbs mixed with butter or cheese.

15—Gracie Allen.

16—Benjamin Franklin, who invented the rocking chair.

17—The United States.

18—It begins at Bangor, Maine, and goes to Key West, Florida.

19—Vitamin G.

20— Jane Addams

Kids and Cowboys

A youngster steals one picture, a baby motivates another, and America's No. 1 cowboy stars in the third

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ON BORROWED TIME

THE PLAYERS: Lionel Barrymore, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Beulah Bondi, Una Merkel, Bobs Watson, Nat Pendleton, Henry Travers, Grant Mitchell, Eily Malyon, James Burke, Charles Waldron, Ian Wolfe, Phillip Terry, Truman Bradley, Doris Rankin. Screen play by Alice D. G. Miller, Frank O'Neill, and Claudine West based on a dramatization by Paul Osborn of a novel by Lawrence Edward Watkin. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 99 minutes.

YOUR Beverly Hills wonders how the average fan will view this strange semi-fantasy of a grandfather who desperately fights off death in order to prevent the orphan grandson he adores from falling into the clutches of a scheming avaricious aunt. Death isn't merely talked about. He stalks through the play—when he isn't a prisoner in old Gramp's quaking apple tree—as a mysterious Mr. Brink in pin-stripe business suit, gray trench coat, shiny black oxfords, gray soft hat, and a crisp English accent. Mr. Brink takes Granny away to the mysterious land "where the woodbine twineth" before Gramp traps him in the tree. It seems that Gramp, having done a good deed, is entitled to one wish. It's that no one can get down from his pet Golden Russet tree without his permission. So Gramp gets Death, or Mr. Brink, to climb up for an apple. And there he's a prisoner while Gramp debates what to do. It's a strange, macabre, fantastic battle of wits. Meanwhile, through the world, there is no death as the hours pass.

For all its mellow humor, On Borrowed Time has a curiously grim morality-drama flavor. Its very subject, the circumvention of death, is half folk tale, half medieval religious drama. The message—that Death is not so fearsome a personality as most of us vision it—is there. But it is adult, mystic; there is about it the cold breath of a shudder.

The direction is intelligent, the acting unusual. Eight-year-old Bobs Watson steals the picture as Pud, adoring, pugnacious, inseparable in the warmth of his love for his old grandfather. And Gramp is superbly played by Lionel Barrymore. Beulah Bondi's Granny is admirable, too, but your Beverly Hills stands divided on a verdict about Sir Cedric Hardwicke's Mr. Brink.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bobs Watson made his debut in diapers in a Chic Sale short, The Fisherman. Now eight years old, Bobs has quite a screen record. He was the deaf-mute youngster taught to speak in Alexander Graham Bell, the boy whose death caused Errol Flynn to become sheriff in Dodge City, the Peewee of Boys' Town. On Borrowed Time is his twentieth picture. . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke was knighted in 1934. Hails from Stourbridge, Worcestershire, made his debut in 1912, has played everything behind the footlights from Showboat to Hamlet. A Broadway hit last season in Shadow and Substance. . . . Doris Rankin, twenty years ago Lionel Barrymore's leading woman on the stage in The Copperhead, plays a bit, the sheriff's wife.

Ginger Rogers, the salesgirl, and David Niven, the boss's son, in a scene from Bachelor Mother.

★ ★ ★ BACHELOR MOTHER

THE PLAYERS: Ginger Rogers, David Niven, Charles Coburn, Frank Albertson, E. E. Clive, Elbert Coplen, Jr., Ferike Boros, Ernest Truex, Leonard Penn, Paul Stanton, Gerald Oliver-Smith, Leona Roberts, Dennie Moore, June Wilkins, Frank M. Thomas, Edna Holland. Screen play by Norman Krasna from a story by Felix Jackson. Directed by Garson Kanin Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 82 minutes.

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by L. FRANK BAUM

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Emerald City, populated by tiny folk resembling china dolls, costumed in every shade of green, required four tremendous sets, 4260 people, 50 expert glassmakers, and over 22,000 separate glass objects, some as large as a living room.

★ ★ ★ ★

The musical score demanded a symphony orchestra of 120 pieces, and a chorus of over 300 voices. 212,180 separate sound effects were used and 3210 different costumes were created. Over 2000 water-color sketches were required for cast make-ups.

★ ★ ★ ★

The result—nearly 100 miles of actual film footage . . . a quarter of a million feet of sound track...over a half-million feet of Technicolor film to give you 100 minutes of unparalleled entertainment: THE WIZARD OF OZ—filmed as L. Frank Baum himself would have wished it.

—*Leo*

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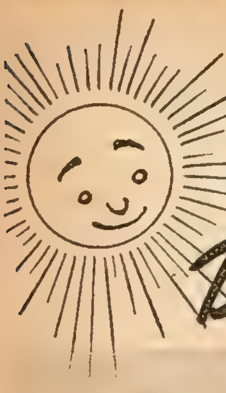

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VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

THIS story must have disturbed Will Hays considerably. For here is a pretty shopgirl who pauses to remonstrate with a woman depositing a baby on the steps of a foundling home—and from that point on can't convince any one she herself isn't the mother. Everybody takes a kindly, benevolent interest in her—and the baby, and in no time at all she gets to know the big boss of the department store and his son. In fact—and I hope Mr. Hays doesn't overhear—the emporium overlord enthusiastically suspects his son of being the daddy. Anyway, romance dawns between the toy-counter salesgirl and the boy over a book on how to feed a baby.

Ginger Rogers (in spite of an amazing hoodlike hair-do) is the sprightly suspected shopgirl who befriends the infant. David Niven (for all his English accent) is the son of the department-store colossus. I give director Kanin the major share of the credit.

There are nice bits by Charles Coburn as the tycoon, E. E. Clive as his baffled butler, and Ernest Truex as a prissy investigator for the foundling home.

But this is not for little Willie.

VITAL STATISTICS: David Niven is a young Englishman with a picturesque story and all that sort of thing. Failed to make the exam grade for the British navy, landed in the army instead. Served at Malta, gave it up, dash it all, took to wandering about. Hollywood—and Niven met Sam Goldwyn at a dinner party. Asked Sam to look at a test. Seven-year contract. Easy, what? . . . This is director Garson Kanin's fourth film, A Man to Remember was his first. Remember? Before hitting Hollywood, Kanin was a stage director. He was directing the footlight production of Room Service when Sam Goldwyn hired him. . . . A lot of things happened to eight-months-old Elbert Coplen, Jr., during the filming. Cut four teeth, gained nineteen ounces, learned to sit up by himself, said his first word, Polly, which is Ginger's name in the film. Close-ups had to be remade on account of the teeth. Papa Coplen is a mechanic at the Douglas Aircraft plant in Los Angeles.

★ ★ MOUNTAIN RHYTHM

THE PLAYERS: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, June Storey, Maude Eburne, Ferris Taylor, Walter Fenner, Jack Pennick, Hooper Atchley, Bernard Suss, Edward Cassidy, Jack Ingram, Tom London, Roger Williams, Frankie Marvin. Screen play by Gerald Geraghty from a story by Connie Lee. Directed by B. Reeves Eason. Produced by Republic. Running time, 59 minutes.

GENE AUTRY rides again on another cactus crusade, this time to outwit a gang of crooks who run a desert springs resort and are plotting to gobble up the property of local landowners. But the bad boys reckon without Gene, without his pal Frog, without all the hoboes in the Southwest. You see, Gene has befriended their leader and he calls—by grapevine telegraph—all the derelicts in six states to his aid.

Autry sings pleasantly when he isn't loping over the desert mesa to save the honest ranchers. Smiley Burnette is a great aide, and June Storey is the pretty director of social activities at the desert resort.

VITAL STATISTICS: June Storey played the German girl in In Old Chicago. Now she's Gene's permanent leading woman, at least for the next year. June was born in Toronto in 1918. She can trace her ancestry back to one Captain Storey, U. S. A., who was killed defending the white settlers in Virginia City, Nevada, against the redskins. A monument there commemorates the event; a Nevada county was named after him. . . . Gene makes a handsome income these days from Autry sweat shirts, Autry cowboy outfits, Autry toy pistols, Autry dolls. His songs are a gold mine, too, and the sales of his phonograph records run into millions. Public Cowboy No. 1 hails from Tioga, Texas. His father was a rancher, his grandpappy a Baptist preacher.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James.

★★★—Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other.

THIS WAY OUT

In its Chinese grab, Japan slaps our face . . in many ways. What should we do?

BY GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE United States is in a jam in the Far East and there is a confusion of tongues as to the best way to extricate ourselves. Some say fight it out, some say turn tail and run, and others say exchange notes.

There is nothing new about the situation over there. The Panay incident and others are just the sneezes that precede a severe cold, the infection of which has been running for a long time. More and worse is to follow.

No one can tell what the Japanese are up to. It is impossible for a Westerner to fathom the depths of the Oriental mind. But one thing is certain, and that is that, while the American thinks in terms of today and tomorrow, the Oriental thinks in terms of centuries. When he gets started in a certain direction, he keeps on going in that direction for a very long time. So we can take it as pretty certain that if the Japs have got it into their heads to take over China and to kick the white man out, they are going to keep dogging at it, if necessary, for the next five or six hundred years.

It was fifteen years ago that I was in China and heard the great Indian philosopher Tagore talk about a plan to consolidate the eight hundred millions of yellow people in Asia into one great empire extending from India to Siberia and including Japan. He did not talk about military conquest; he talked about an Oriental cult and the philosophy of love.

It was at the same time that I met a Chinese who had been born in Kansas City, was educated in the American public schools and at an American university, and who was the head of a medical college in Nanking. He told me that the greatest menace to the integrity of China was the presence of the foreigners, to whom the Chinese had long given the name of foreign devils. He said these white men came as missionaries for some particular creed of politics, of economics, or of religion; that they were wholly ignorant of the Orient, had no patience with Chinese like himself who had had an Occidental education, and they were trying to wean the young Chinese away from their sacred traditions. They taught them to ridicule their ancestors and were bent upon breaking up the family, which was the foundation of a high civilization that had lasted in China since the time when white men were roaming the forests in skins.

It was some years after this that a distinguished Filipino statesman in the Cabinet of Leonard Wood said to me: "General, when an American thinks of government he thinks of the American form of government; he does not realize that this is a short-time experiment that has been tried out many times before and failed. The world is working up to three great empires: the Empire of Europe; the Empire of Asia; and the Empire of the Western Hemisphere. The Filipinos do not belong in the Empire of the West; they belong in the great Empire of the Asiatics that will temporarily be under the dominion of Japan but eventually under the dominion of China, which always absorbs everything with which it comes in contact."

Here we have the same idea from a Hindu of India, from a Mongolian of China, and from a Malay of the Philippine Islands. And now we have it from a high authority of the Japanese navy, who says that the hour of the white man has struck.

It seems to be just too bad. But what can America do about it? Answer: Nothing by force of arms, but perhaps we can find another way out.

The attack on the Panay was infamous. It was deliberately planned. It was just cause for war. But there was nothing our army or navy could do about it, because we are too weak in Asiatic waters.

The Japanese hold that they have as much right to China as a hawk has to build its nest in a tree that was formerly occupied by a robin, and they see no reason why a hawk should not move over to the Yosemite Valley or to Boston Common, if there be no one around to prevent it.

We can dispute that philosophy. But it will do no good to dispute it with words. Whatever we have to say upon that subject must be accompanied by the rat-tat-tat of machine guns. And if we have not the guns we might as well keep quiet.

At the present time the United States is not prepared to defend itself at home. This is agreed by all military and naval authorities. It is much less prepared to protect its interests abroad, and it is absolutely powerless to stop the march of dictators in Europe, in Asia, or even in South America.

The weakness of our position in Asia has been recognized and has been pointed out frequently by this author and others. In an article in the fall of 1936 he showed the futility and the danger of having American soldiers in China and suggested that they be brought home both from there and from the Philippines. Since the present Japanese invasion of China, our troops there have been withdrawn.

How does it happen that we got into that mess?

It all started many years ago when we sent the battleship Maine down to Havana to investigate the starving Cubans. When she was blown up by parties unknown, we broke out into war with Spain.

The flames spread from the West Indies to the Philippine Islands, and there, after fighting with the natives for two years, we succeeded in converting them to the principles of democracy and began their long course of training in government.

Once in Asia, we began to take an interest in Asiatic affairs. The Boxer Rebellion broke out. It was one of those periodical efforts on the part of the Chinese to get rid of the foreign devils and they made an attack upon the embassies. We rushed our troops over from the Philippines and joined with the other Powers, including Japan, in one of the most extraordinary and dramatic wars of history.

After the fighting was over, the Allied Powers did, in a small way, just what the Japanese are trying to do in a big way now; that is, they imposed a fine upon the Chinese government and forced it to allow foreign troops

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to remain on Chinese soil and to allow foreign ships to police interior waters.

The Americans were not so bad as the others. We gave them back their indemnity, and no American army or navy officer in time of peace has ever court-martialed Chinese citizens or otherwise had them executed. But we did leave two battalions of the Fifteenth Infantry at Tientsin for the ostensible purpose of guarding the Chinese Railway from Peking to the sea. And we did put eight little gunboats on the Chinese rivers to protect our missionaries and other interests.

As time went on, all the nations gradually reduced their military garrisons, except the United States, which stood fast, and the Japanese, who constantly increased theirs up to about ten years ago, when they had a lieutenant general in command. Since that time, of course, they have sent over several armies.

Our two little battalions of American troops remained in China thirty-odd years, at great expense to the American taxpayer, and to the humiliation of the Chinese. We got them out just in time to save the grave complications that would have resulted from our having soldiers living in rented buildings, and drilling in vacant lots and in the parks of Tientsin, right now.

WHATEVER may be the Japanese aim in China today, we have ourselves partially to blame. It was our Commodore Perry who opened the gates of Yokohama to the white man's civilization. It was we who gave our moral support to the yellow man against the white in the Russo-Japanese war of 1904, and it was we who joined with Japan as an ally in the Great War and helped her to take away the German possessions in China and in the western Pacific.

It may be that we can best solve our difficulties by peaceful overtures.

We are the only big nation on the eastern shore of the Pacific, and for that reason we possess all of the advantages of trade with the opposite side. That advantage is not enhanced one penny because of the fact that we own the Philippine Islands, Guam, or anything on that side of the water. Nor does it suffer one penny because of any lack of a merchant marine. The international trader gets his stuff where he can find the greatest value for the least money.

Let us see now how we stand as between China and Japan. Our financial interests around Shanghai are only about 12 per cent as great as our interests in the Tokyo-Yokohama area. During the last year for which reports are available we sold five times as much merchandise to the Japanese as we did to the Chinese. And the balance of trade with Japan was five to three in our favor.

If we should go to war or impose embargoes against Japan to protect our trade with China, it would be like killing a goose that lays golden eggs because she was hissing at an old hen setting on a brass doorknob. If the Japanese take over China, stabilize it, and bring it up to their own standards of living, there is no reason to suppose that our Far Eastern trade would not increase.

Charity begins at home, and it is much more important for us to protect our business in the United States than it is for us to risk war by giving naval protection in China to American business and missionaries.

Let us give up at once all idea of foreign aggression, either for the purpose of conquest or for the purpose of protecting our so-called rights abroad. Let us get out of the armament race and fulfill our solemn promise to give up war as a means of settling international differences. Let us drop back into the small-nations class, where we belong—the nonmilitaristic class, the class of those who are not bent upon imperialism, but, like Norway, the Netherlands, and others, carry on their trade and diplomacy without resort to arms. And let us, at the same time, build up our national defense to such an extent as may be necessary to make us absolutely safe.

This would involve:

First: A two-ocean navy stronger in our own waters than any force that could be brought against it.

Second: An impenetrable system of permanent seacoast fortifications giving complete protection to our harbors against enemy ships.

Third: An adequate air defense to protect our cities from enemy air raids and to assist in the destruction of enemy transports and supply ships that might come dangerously near.

Fourth: An army of citizen soldiers, with proper laws to mobilize them and a mandate from Congress under which the War Department can get busy and start something.

THE Constitution imposes upon Congress the responsibility for deciding whether or not we shall go to war. It would be the height of folly for Congress to turn that power back to the people on the one hand, or let it drift into the hands of the Executive on the other.

First, Congress should pass a law clearly defining the purposes for which our land and naval forces may be used. Then it should scrutinize every penny of military or naval appropriations, asking: For what purpose is this item required? And why?

There is a movement on foot to have Congress pass a law which would say, in effect, that the land and naval forces of the United States shall be used solely for the purpose of repelling invasion, and shall not be used beyond the continental limits of the United States and the waters adjacent thereto, except in the defense of the Panama Canal, Hawaiian Islands, and Alaska.

Some such law should be passed, and after that Congress should make liberal appropriations to give us a system of national defense that will be a guaranty against invasion.

THE END

LIBERTY OFFERS $2,000 IN CASH PRIZES!

FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WHY NOT WIN A SHARE? START NOW!

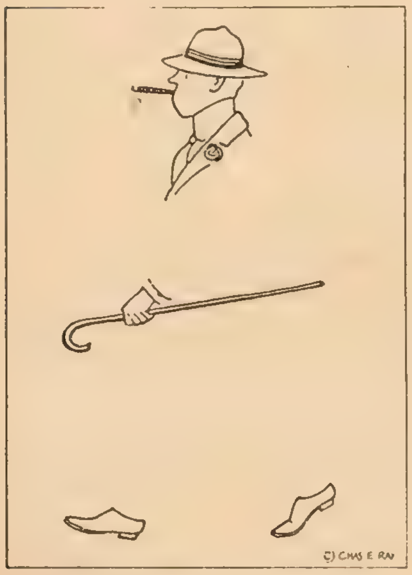
YOU still can enter Liberty's $2,000 cash prize Funny Fill-Ins game and capture one of the major awards! Artistic skill or training is not necessary. In fact, it might prove a handicap in this game. The object is to complete the Fill-Ins amusingly. After reading the Rules carefully you can enter the game direct from this page by completing Funny Fill-In No. 3. Perhaps you will make tracings of it and try out various ideas before you make your final drawing. Remember, skilled work is not required; amusing results are. When you have finished Funny Fill-In No. 3, clip it and save it until your set of ten is complete. Separate Fill-Ins will not be considered by the judges. Send them in as a unit.

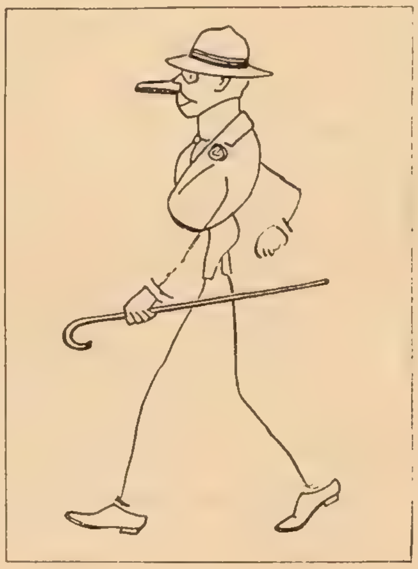
NEED THE FIRST TWO?

If you need the first two Funny Fill-Ins to bring your entry up to date, send to the address in Rule 3, enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive them you can draw in your ideas at your leisure and your entry will be even with the field.

FOR INSTANCE!

Are you in doubt about how to start? Below is a sample Funny Fill-In together with a suggested completion. Undoubtedly you can make it more ludicrous. Why not practice on this example? It is not a part of the contest and is published entirely for your assistance. Do not include it in your entry!





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THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body, and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

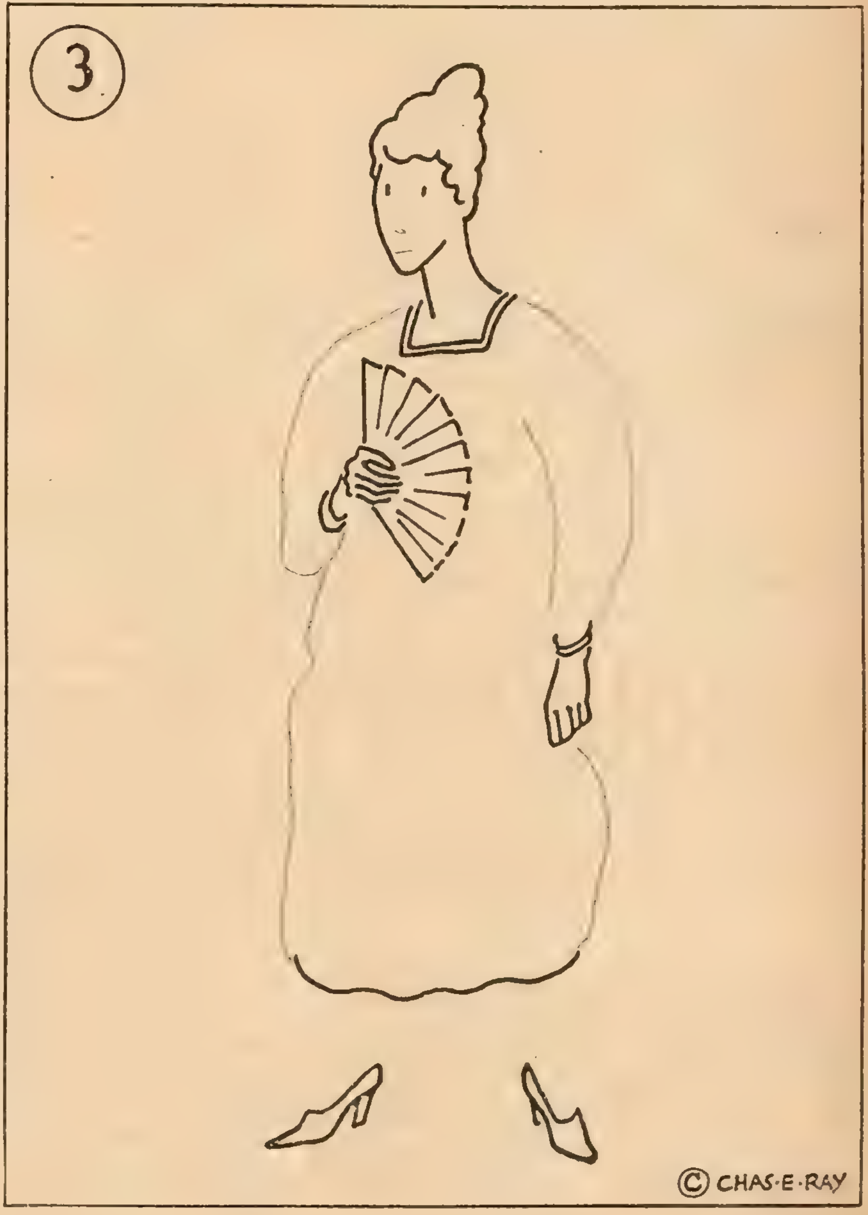
3. Send no entries until your set of ten completed Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

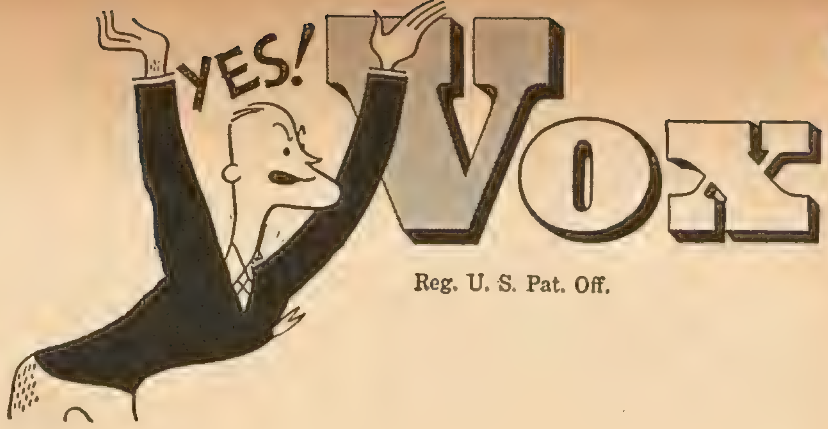
4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; $200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.





Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WINNER OF ALL-STAR BASEBALL TEAM CONTEST

The Liberty Major-League All-Star Baseball Team contest has drawn to a close. Entries were received from all forty-eight states, Canada, and the Philippine Islands. Here is the winning letter:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I read your interesting article on All-America baseball teams. Being an ardent fan, I'd like to give you my viewpoints.

At first base, Jimmy Foxx earned my rating because of his superior hitting and his ability to play any infield position in a pinch. Charlie Gehringer, one of the greatest second basemen of all time, would cover the keystone sack. Although they're almost equal in hitting and fielding, I would choose Joe Cronin for shortstop because of his field leadership. In another nip-and-tuck battle for inter-league honors, Stanley Hack wins the rating as my third baseman.

Mel Ott's great hitting and fielding prowess places him head and shoulders above the rest of the right gardeners. A great hitter, great fielder, and great showman, Joe Medwick is my left-field choice. DiMaggio's all-round skill completes an outfield which, in my opinion, rivals Ruth, Cobb, and Speaker.

Powerhouse hitting and fleetness of foot give Bill Dickey the nod over Lombardi. Ruffing would be my number one pitcher. Besides his mound ability, Red is a great asset offensively. Bill Lee is the next logical choice. After taking his regular turn in the box, Bill would pitch relief, too. Being on a seventh-place team and winning twenty games would be enough recommendation for Buck Newsom. My fourth pitcher would be Johnny Vander Meer. His consecutive no-hit, no-run games were baseball history never before equaled or even approached.

Thanking you for your kind attention, I remain,

Sincerely,
ROBERT MILLER.
510 North Meridian Street.

Congratulations to Mr. Miller! He won because he (*a*) had the right team and (*b*) because he wrote the best letter.

Honorable mention goes to the following persons who had the right team:

Gerald Kempker, 37 Sixth Avenue, Le Mars, Iowa; John Fogarty, 5605 Charlotte, Kansas City, Missouri; Joe Natale, 1839 West 33d Avenue, Denver, Colorado; H. H. Hewitt, 1574 West Wood Street, Decatur, Illinois; Kirby Kelly, Box 671, Huntsville, Texas; Walter Haggerty, Lands, South Carolina; Dan Jennings, Three Links, Estacada, Oregon; Royal Johnson, Sikes, Louisiana; George W. Switzer, 2137 Lyons Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky; Julian Hargreaves, Box 113, Pearson, Georgia; Private Louis Alter, Fort Shafter A-64, Honolulu, Hawaii; Bernard Pollock, 31 Cypress Street, Providence, Rhode Island; John Carpenter, 59 Murray Street, Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada; F. N. Heinly, 522 Market Street, Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

To all those who entered, thanks again, and better luck next time!—*Jerry D. Lewis.*

BET ON HAROLD HOFFMAN

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Mr. Fulton Oursler says in June 24 Liberty that he'd bet that "Harold Hoffman will be the next Governor of New Jersey." Oh, yes, he added a "10 to 1" section to the proposed bet. I agree with him, but I'll go one further. I'll bet 20 to 1 that Harold G. Hoffman, the best governor New Jersey ever had, will be President of the United States some day.

You can pay me on that bet, Mr. Oursler, on the steps of the White House whenever Governor Hoffman is inaugurated. How's that? — *Tom Coll.*

DO YOU KNOW THIS ONE?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Here's a good one for those who like their puzzles already solved:

Take your house number.
Double it, and add 5.
Multiply by 50.
Add your age.
Add number of days in a year.
Subtract 615.

The last two figures, without exception, will be your age; the others, your house number.—*Estelle Ferguson.*

HOW JOE LOUIS LICKED ME

KNOXVILLE, TENN. — Liberty publishes another article by a Joe Louis challenger (June 24 Liberty) telling how he will beat the champion. It is, I think, the third such article published. Now, for a change, to break the monotony, publish a post-fight article by the challenger under the title How Joe Louis Licked Me. Readers are beginning to turn the page when they come to that stereotyped heading How I Will Beat Joe Louis, so give them a change.—*R. B. Bogart.*

HOLDING YOUR HUSBAND!

AXTELL, NEB.—I agree with Mrs. (Sour-Puss) Hill (June 17 Vox Pop). Why should a woman put on a strait jacket and spend money she can't afford, to *hold a man* who likes to have a bleached, perfumed, second-rate stenog sitting on both his knees?

Why not tell snoring husbands to have their adenoids removed and tell 'em to come to the breakfast table *not* looking like something Tabby brought in last week!

There's something to be said for both sides, of course. But the average answer to the question is that the scenery a wife looks at may be a trimmed hedge but isn't a gateway to peace and happiness.

"Gnats" to a woman trying to *hold a husband* by having babies at or when she's *forty* and allowing the *better half* (?) to wheel somebody else's baby around in the "V8" perambulator, while the *lonely wife* washes squares to save laundry bills, and hubby gets a manicure, phones he'll be late for dinner—and sometimes breakfast. Let's change the *subject* into a real he-man that doesn't have to be held by apron or corset strings. Hubby eats what and when he pleases and comes home to roost when he's tired of playing "kitten" ball, until his dogs bark—and wants wifie to bring on the carpet slippers and the bicarb.

More power to ya, Sour-Puss! "Men were born free and equal," so why change them after we marry 'em?—setting them on a pedestal until they grow old and homely, and then have them fall into your arms because *Red Head* has decided the dear boy is slowing up and looks more like a bay window than a French door!—*Vox-Popper-Offer.*

NON-WEST POINTERS WHO HEADED U. S. ARMY

ROSEDALE, MISS.—Number 9 in July 1 Twenty Questions asked: "Who was the first non-West Pointer to head the General Staff of the United States Army?

You give as an answer, "General Leonard Wood," and some poor misguided ignoramus will take that for gospel.

The first chief of staff was General Bates, a non-West Pointer. The second, General S. B. M. Young, a non-West Pointer. He was followed by J. Franklin Bell, a West Pointer; then Leonard Wood, a non-West Pointer.

I suggest a little research before publication. — *Colonel Milton Artells Elliott, Jr., U. S. A., Retired.*

GIVE ME LIBERTY, "TOPS"

HELENA, MONT.—Your article Give Me Liberty is "tops" and should be printed fifty-two times a year in Lib-

erty until it has thoroughly soaked into the minds of the unthinking masses whom it was intended to benefit. Here's one of your two and a half million families, which heartily endorses that article and will vote accordingly in 1940. —*Montana Bill.*

CO-OPERATIVE OWNERSHIP

HARRISBURG, PA. — Have read I Saw a People Rising from the Dead (June 24 Liberty). Would appreciate seeing an editorial by Mr. Macfadden on the possibilities of the co-operative movement and what effect it may have on our future economic system.

If our manufacturing and retailing establishments were supplanted by co-operative ownerships, as well as the credit unions and banks, would that solve our social and economic problems?—*Anton Benson.*

BEVERLY HILLS NOT RUTH WATERBURY

NAUGATUCK, CONN. — So Robert Donat's father settled in England fifty years ago and engaged in the shipping business (June 24 Liberty).

Please be advised that Mr. Donat (Robert's father) lives seven miles south of Naugatuck and is happily engaged in the mink-raising business.

If Miss Beverly Hills (I know she's Miss Waterbury) is as correct on all her data as she is on Donat's, no wonder my acquaintances jeer at me when I say, for instance, that Liberty gives Idiot's Delight four (count them, ****) stars.—*Fred Happy.*

AUTHOR OF "AMERICANISM"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In July 1 Vox Pop I find a letter signed by Florence H. Davis, in which she asks for the name of the author of the definition of Americanism.

My recollection is that several years ago the commanders in chief of the various Veteran organizations met in Washington and there agreed that they were to consider this as the correct definition.

My understanding is that the commander in chief, at that time Colonel Rice W. Means, former senator, is the actual author, and this can easily be confirmed by communicating with National Headquarters, United Spanish War Veterans, 40 G Street N. E., Washington, D. C.

Under separate cover I am mailing you several copies of this definition:

"Americanism is an unfailing love of country; loyalty to its institutions and ideals; eagerness to defend it against all enemies; undivided allegiance to the flag; and a desire to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity."

It is recited in unison at all meetings of the United Spanish War Veterans.—*Charles L. Amey.*

SPELLING HATRED

INDEPENDENCE, KAN.—Why continue the Dies Committee when all that is necessary in order to spot an "ism" guy who would rather live in good old America than his own country (and criticize such outstanding Americans as Mr. Bernarr Macfadden and bellyache about his country being a downtrodden saint) is to read Vox Pop?

I read Max Vieweger's "spout" (April 29 Vox Pop), especially where he speaks of our betraying our destiny and now should be making amends instead of spelling hatred and hostility to one European group, etc.

Doesn't he think running Jews out of their homes and country spells hatred and hostility?

If Mr. Vieweger lived in Germany and made such a statement about the country that was feeding him, he would land in a concentration camp!—*E. D. Ross.*

MR. DAVIS IN A LIFEBOAT

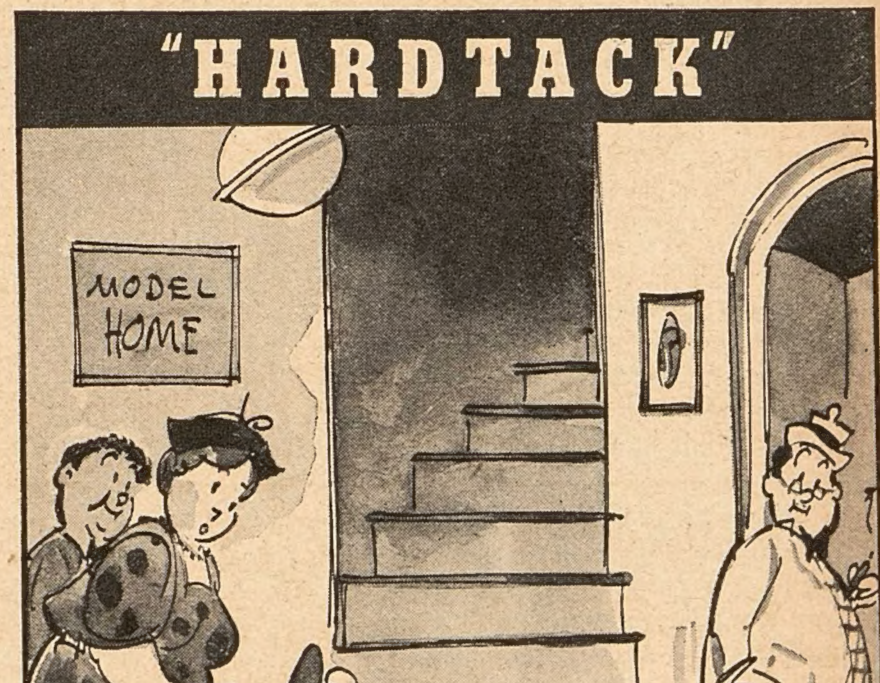
CHICAGO, ILL. — You have written very splendidly, George H. Davis (Can Business Men Save America? July 1 Liberty) from your seat in the lifeboat. Now climb over the side into the icy waters, swim about for twenty-four hours, and write again.—*I. C. Swimmer.*

CLEVER, THESE CHINEE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Clever, These Chinee. So is Leo Glassman. That was a capital story he wrote for you in June 24 Liberty.—*Margaret Beck.*

JUNE VOX POP SCORE

Several complaints were registered that we ought to be funnier. Well, it's up to you to make us so. . . . Send us your best laughs. . . . Spiritualistic experiences piled up on us due to the Horace Leaf series. Many were most remarkable, but, alas, we hadn't the space for them. . . . The articles on youth by Frederick L. Collins brought a storm of brickbats—and a few bouquets. . . . We hope to show you a few of the brickbats thrown by the youngsters in due course. . . . From practically every state in the Union we received diatribes on our monetary system. Nine out of ten of them wanted Congress to exercise its constitutional right of absolute control of issue and valuation. . . . Some of these money sharks make our head spin. . . . All of our "regulars" wrote us this month, and we wish to thank them for their advice and guidance. . . . Hundreds of the Liberty faithful got excited over our rejuvenation articles, asked for names and addresses of specialists. Of course we can't go into that. . . . And speaking of medicine and health, one man, on reading Mr. Macfadden's editorial A Tragical Need for Health Specialists, offered to prove that he could live to be 150 years old under the care of Dr. Carrel, if we would arrange ways and means. . . . A fan from the Middle West suggested that we form a Vox Pop Club, with a certificate or button of membership to signify successful entry into the fold. . . . Another man, as an expression of patriotism, wrote us in red, white, and blue ink on brownish stationery, and said we all should do so, especially when sending letters to our congressmen. . . . Arizona is the least talkative of states in Vox Pop, but in June we had 23 letters from her sons and daughters. 'Twas a record. Keep it up, 'Zony! . . . Michigan and California suggested a woman for President next year. One was for Dorothy Thompson, the other for Eleanor Roosevelt. . . . Incidentally, Mrs. Roosevelt's article, Do Our Young People Need Religion? aroused a great deal of enthusiastic and discriminating response. . . . Requests were made for the reprinting of two of Mr. Macfadden's editorials: Immigration Adds to Unemployment, and Unionism—Gains and Losses; for I Saw a People Rising from the Dead, by Father Cox; for They've Got Your Number, by Rupert Hughes; for Governor White's Can Science Save the South? for General Hagood's Beware the Dogs of War! (including reprint in the Congressional Record); and for Mr. Oursler's One Night Recently. . . . Job-seekers bombarded us with their hopes and prayers, and we regretted our lack of a magic wand. One of them made us smile when he said, "You don't know of nobody nowhere that has nothing for nobody to do, do you?" —VOX POP EDITOR.



"Model home! Humph, where's the banister?"

What Is Back of the Irish Bombs?

FULTON OURSLER
© George Maillard Kesslere

EVERY ONCE in a while you read about a new explosion. A bomb has gone off in this English town or that, or at some vital spot in London. After the reports of the bombs come the reports of the detectives. We hear that agents of the outlawed Irish Republican Army set off the explosives. Are these reports true? If so, what makes these Irish patriots set off bombs? René Kraus, a favorite contributor to Liberty, has tried to find out. He has gone directly to Scotland Yard for the solution. What he has to tell you about it will likely astonish you, for it seems that some of those fuses figuratively stretch across the Atlantic Ocean and are lighted in the United States. You will enjoy reading Mr. Kraus' article next week.

AND WE THINK you will enjoy the other items on the bill of fare. They include What Stalin Is Up To, by Upton Close; Rich Man in Prison: A Close-Up of Richard Whitney; Billions for Fun, by Yankee Stade; Mr. George Britt's answer to Father Coughlin; What Makes Radio Announcers That Way, by Frederick L. Collins; two excellent short stories: I'm Katy, by Leona Dalrymple; and Into Each Life, by Frank R. Adams, as well as generous installments of the current serials.

CHATTER BY THE WAY: Have you ever looked at the Great Seal of the United States? Elsie Rae Nachant, author of Revelations of the Great Seal, has looked at it very carefully and has discovered some interesting points. Thirteen men worked on the design, including Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams. On the obverse or dexter side there is the eagle, with 13 arrows in its left talon, and in its right talon a branch of 13 olives and 13 leaves. The inscription held in the beak of the bird—*E Pluribus Unum*—has 13 letters. On the breast of the eagle are the 13 stripes of our shield. Above the eagle's head are 13 stars; from one point of view these form a six-pointed star imposed on a cross. The other side of the seal bears also a Latin legend—*Annuit Cœptis* (God prospers our undertakings)—and that, too, has 13 letters. The pyramid has 13 rows of stone. There is not space to record more of the remarkable details pointed out by Miss Nachant. She believes there is a notable symbology in all these matters, linked with a mystical destiny toward which the United States goes surely forward. Whether her faith is or is not mistaken, Americans should know more about the symbols of their government, and of these symbols the Great Seal is one of the most significant. Can you tell where you most often see the Great Seal of the United States? . . . I am delighted to see that a group of distinguished literary judges have given the Southern Author's Award to Ben Lucien Burman for his remarkable novel, Blow for a Landing. It is a great picture of present-day life on the Mississippi. . . . Had a happy visit recently with Rupert Hughes and his entrancing and lovely spouse, Patterson Dial, who has written some charming stories for Liberty. Mr. Hughes is preparing a great feature for us; it's a secret for now, but, my, my! Won't you be surprised! . . . And delighted! . . . From J. M. Drayton of 1135 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York, comes the following:

" Have been a reader of Liberty for several years and can't understand why you pick stories from authors who condemn the Communists and call some of our best statesmen ' Reds ' and the same authors never condemn the National Socialists of Germany. Can it be that you favor the Nazis? While you are condemning ' isms,' why in h—— don't you include the warmakers of Germany, Japan, Italy, etc.? Your sheet sometimes smacks of the War-Mongers." . . . Well, ignoring the peevish tone of this letter, let me point out that, if the writer has been a reader of Liberty for several years, he must know that we published I Married a Nazi, probably the best dramatized indictment of the National Socialists ever written; we published that in nine parts, and we also published Why Hitler Can't Sleep and nearly twoscore other articles critical of the Fascists, the Nazis, and the Japanese. We have also published articles favorable to them. That is the kind of magazine Liberty is--and that is the kind of liberty we glory in. . . . At a literary tea the other day, a young lady author, whose latest story we had unfortunately thought necessary to decline, greeted us with a supercilious stare. We had forgotten that we had turned down her story and asked the hostess, " Why does Miss Scribble treat us that way? " Upon which our hostess turned to Miss Scribble and said, " My dear, your rejection slip is showing."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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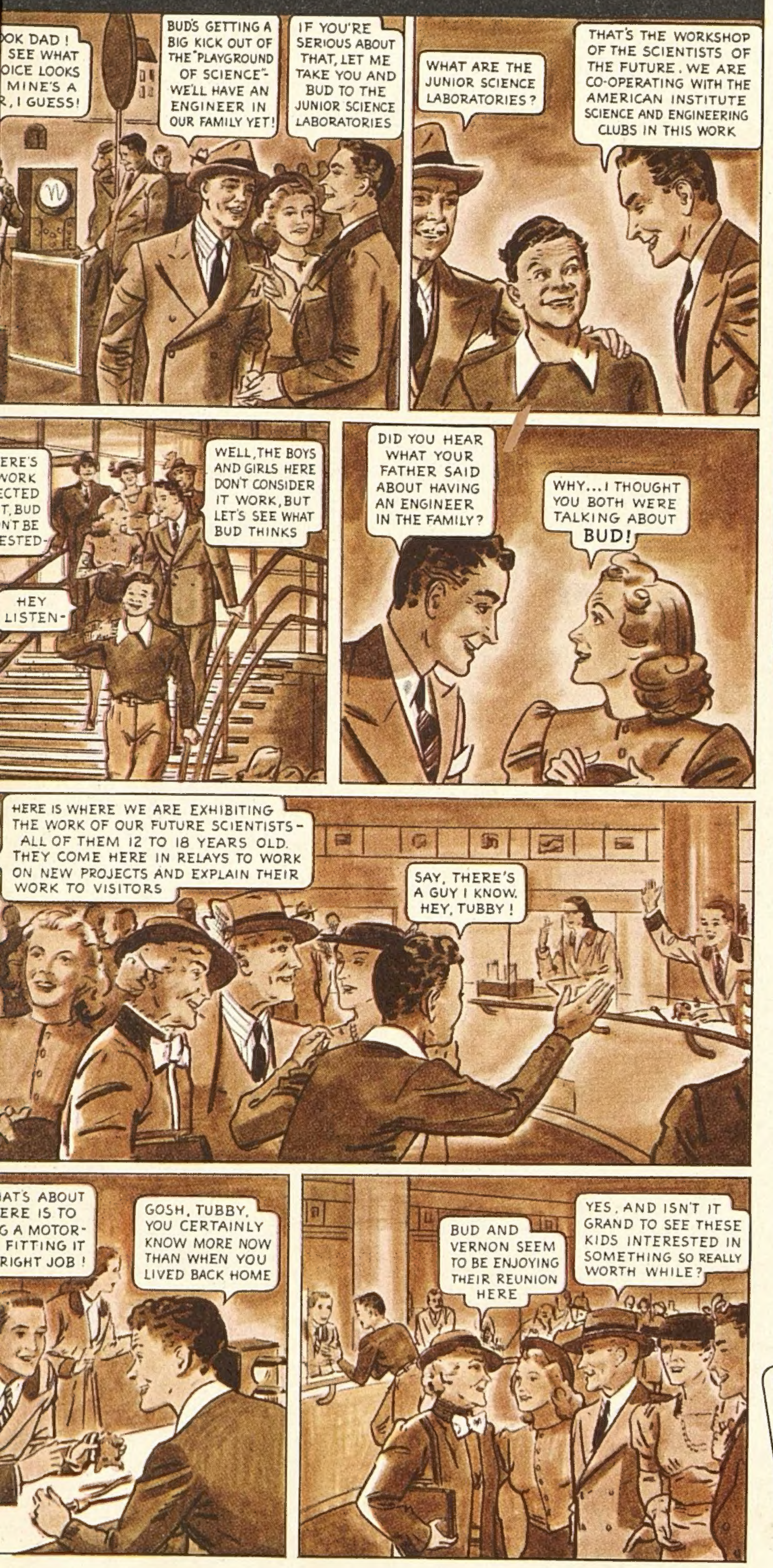
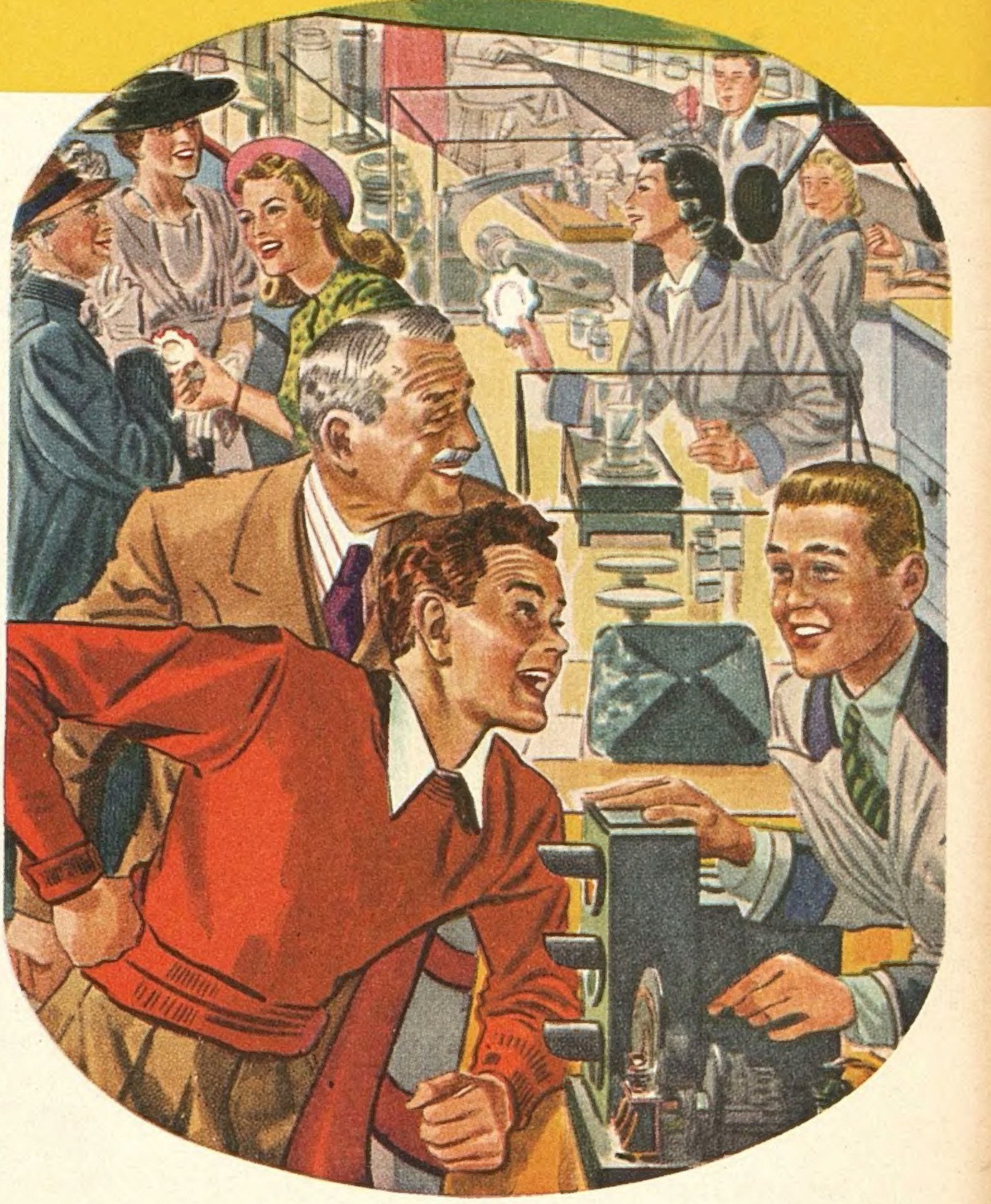
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY TCHETCHET

The MIDDLETON *Family* AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

cientists of the World of Tomorrow

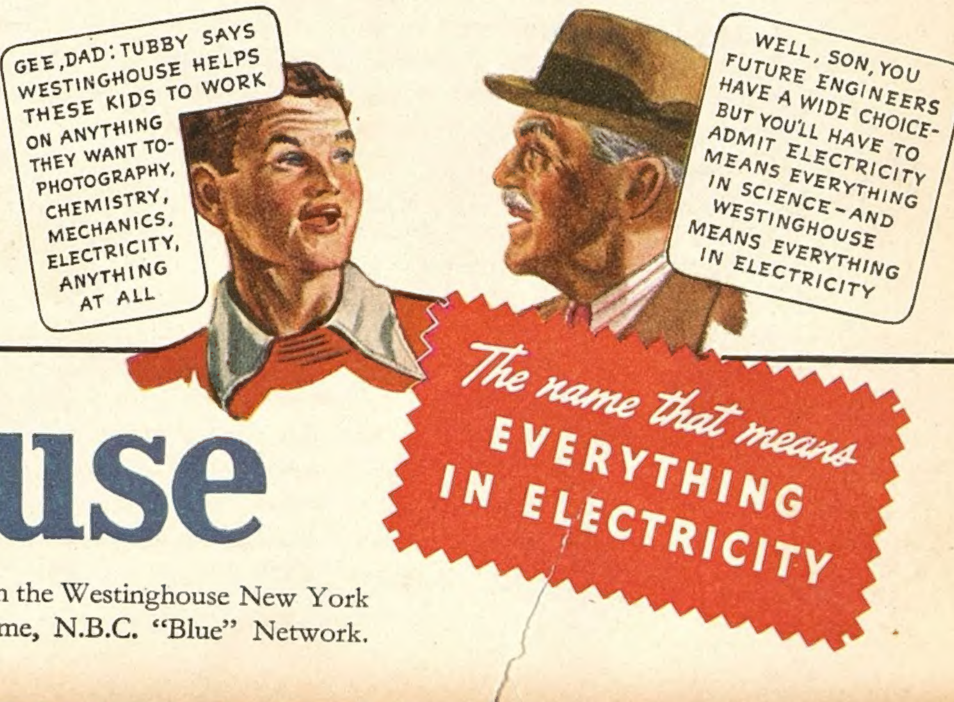

OK DAD ! SEE WHAT OICE LOOKS MINE'S A R, I GUESS!
BUD'S GETTING A BIG KICK OUT OF THE "PLAYGROUND OF SCIENCE"- WE'LL HAVE AN ENGINEER IN OUR FAMILY YET!
IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT THAT, LET ME TAKE YOU AND BUD TO THE JUNIOR SCIENCE LABORATORIES
WHAT ARE THE JUNIOR SCIENCE LABORATORIES ?
THAT'S THE WORKSHOP OF THE SCIENTISTS OF THE FUTURE. WE ARE CO-OPERATING WITH THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING CLUBS IN THIS WORK
ERE'S WORK ECTED T, BUD NT BE ESTED-
HEY LISTEN-
WELL, THE BOYS AND GIRLS HERE DON'T CONSIDER IT WORK, BUT LET'S SEE WHAT BUD THINKS
DID YOU HEAR WHAT YOUR FATHER SAID ABOUT HAVING AN ENGINEER IN THE FAMILY?
WHY...I THOUGHT YOU BOTH WERE TALKING ABOUT BUD!
HERE IS WHERE WE ARE EXHIBITING THE WORK OF OUR FUTURE SCIENTISTS - ALL OF THEM 12 TO 18 YEARS OLD. THEY COME HERE IN RELAYS TO WORK ON NEW PROJECTS AND EXPLAIN THEIR WORK TO VISITORS
SAY, THERE'S A GUY I KNOW. HEY, TUBBY !
AT'S ABOUT ERE IS TO G A MOTOR- FITTING IT RIGHT JOB !
GOSH, TUBBY, YOU CERTAINLY KNOW MORE NOW THAN WHEN YOU LIVED BACK HOME
BUD AND VERNON SEEM TO BE ENJOYING THEIR REUNION HERE
YES, AND ISN'T IT GRAND TO SEE THESE KIDS INTERESTED IN SOMETHING SO REALLY WORTH WHILE?



The Junior Science Laboratories at the Westinghouse Building leave a deep impression with the Middleton family — especially Bud, who has now decided to abandon his ambitions to lead a swing band in favor of an electrical engineering career. You, too, will enjoy seeing and talking with these scientists of the future. They are school children, 12 to 18 years old, whose projects in varied branches of science are carried on with the help of the American Institute of the City of New York. Don't miss this feature of the Westinghouse exhibit in the World of Tomorrow.

IN SAN FRANCISCO: Westinghouse offers a treasure-house of electrical wonders at the Golden Gate Exposition. Include it when you visit this beautiful fair.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

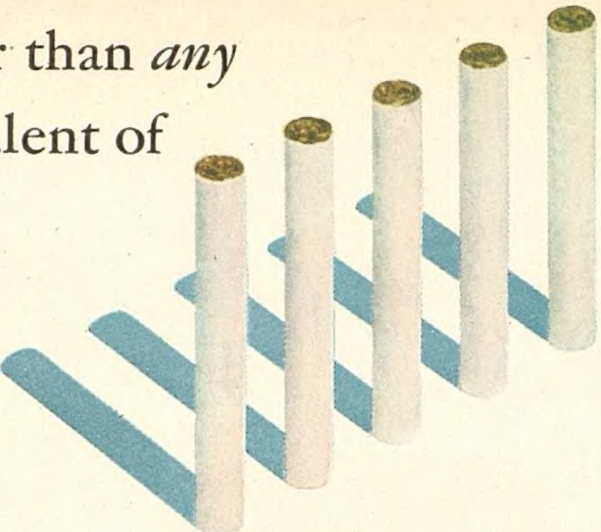

GEE, DAD: TUBBY SAYS WESTINGHOUSE HELPS THESE KIDS TO WORK ON ANYTHING THEY WANT TO-PHOTOGRAPHY, CHEMISTRY, MECHANICS, ELECTRICITY, ANYTHING AT ALL
WELL, SON, YOU FUTURE ENGINEERS HAVE A WIDE CHOICE- BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT ELECTRICITY MEANS EVERYTHING IN SCIENCE-AND WESTINGHOUSE MEANS EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY
The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

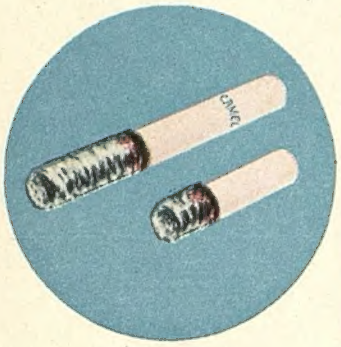
Westinghouse

in Ray Perkins and the winners of the "Letters Home" Contest direct from the Westinghouse New York 's Fair Building — every Sunday afternoon, 5:45 Eastern Daylight Time, N.B.C. "Blue" Network.

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!





SEEING IS BELIEVING!

CAMEL'S *expensive tobaccos, so inexpensive to smoke*—is welcome news to millions who are keen for the smoking thrill of finer tobaccos! Naturally, a slower-burning cigarette, Camel, gives *more* and *better* smoking for the money. And now the impartial research of a leading laboratory proves that Camels burn *far* slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested. Here are 3 cigarette facts as reported by this scientific group:

1. **Camels were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.**
2. **CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**
3. **In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.**

A BATTERY OF "SMOKERS" in the laboratory tests to determine the burning time of 16 of the largest-selling brands. Trained scientists and special equipment assured scientific control. Camels *(shown here under test)* proved to be 25% slower-burning than the average of the 15 other brands tested, giving Camel smokers the equivalent of 5 *extra smokes per pack!*

SMOKING IS BELIEVING!

Right now—during the summer season of extra smoking—begin enjoying the cigarette of *extra smokes!* Everyone can afford the coolness, the true mildness, the ripe, delicate taste and fragrance of smoking pleasure at its best. Yes, enjoy *more* smoking for your money, and remember the added bonus of Camel's *costlier tobaccos.* Try Camels—America's favorite and *thriftiest* way to true smoking enjoyment!

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

THE CIGARETTE
OF
COSTLIER
TOBACCOS

Penny for penny
your best
cigarette buy!

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